BRITANNIA and EVE

SEPTEMBER
1943

ERIC BAUME
FERDINAND TUOHY
J. WEDGWOOD DRAWBELL
JANE GORDON
F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

WITH COMPLETE HOME AND FASHION SECTIONS

Pocket Elegance

It is modish to stand around with a hand in your hip pocket now that the "ZWOW" enables you to do so with elegance and ease.

A feature of all the latest "GOR-RAY" Skirts, the "ZWOW" is a combined pocket and placket having neither buttons nor other fasteners to protrude and spoil the symmetry of the hip line. Underwear *cannot* peep through a "ZWOW" fastening.

Fashion houses everywhere stock "GOR-RAY" Skirts in a surprising variety of successful styles.

GOR-RAY
Skirts
LOOK FOR THE GOR-RAY' LABEL ON THE WAISTBAND
Regd. Design Nos 839672 and 839709
LOOK FOR THE REGISTERED EAR-PIECE
All the better for the 'Zwow' Pocket Placket Fastening

Issued by: C. STILLITZ, ROYAL LEAMINGTON SPA, WARWICKSHIRE

Scientific

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 27, No. 3 SEPTEMBER, 1943

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by *Heade*

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland Postage for this issue is 3d.

That Velvet Smoothness

...the reward of a skin cleansed, toned and cared for by the constant use of

Personality TURTLE OIL SOAP

More than a Soap-a Beauty Treatment

Use carefully - like all good things it's scarce

EACH LARGE TABLET 1/9 TWO COUPONS

PERSONALITY BEAUTY PRODUCTS ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH

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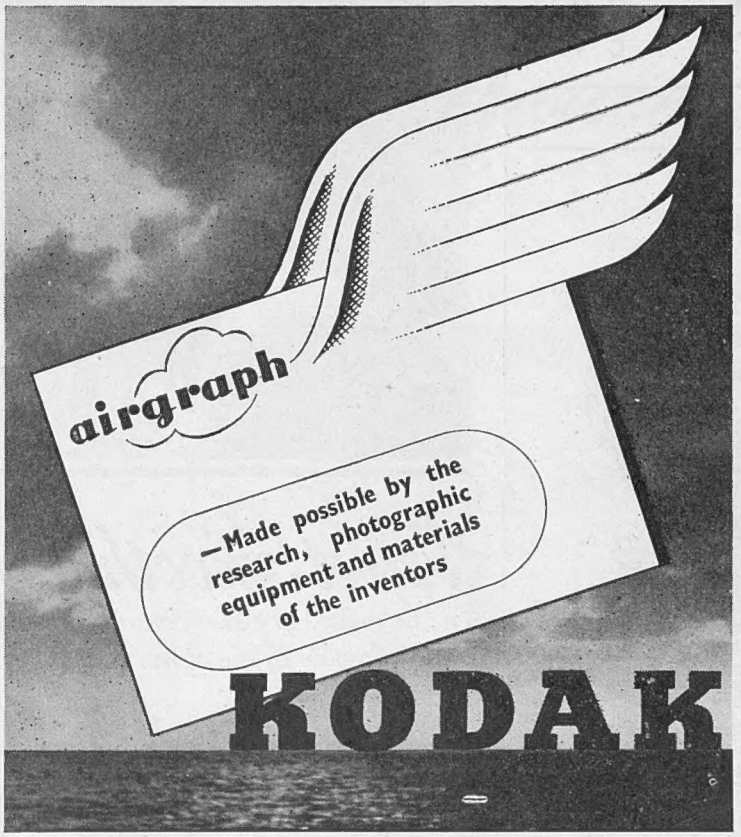
STATE EXPRESS 555

For over half a century STATE EXPRESS 555 have maintained their reputation as the world's finest cigarettes.



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C 1e

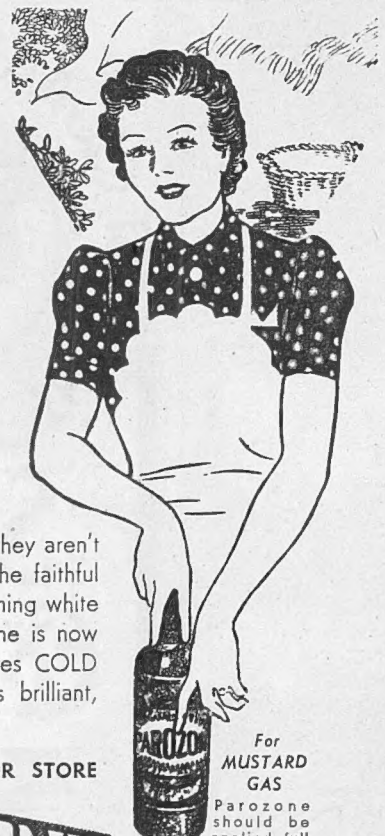
Leave and Liberty Shoes

Men on leave want to do so much.
One is always on one's feet.
It is all right, though, if you
Walk with Liberty—you can keep up,
because Liberty Shoes are so
wonderfully comfortable. They are
beautifully smart, too. "Nice
shoes you've got," my husband
remarked on his last leave.
You know men do notice Liberty.

Liberty Shoes Ltd.
LEICESTER

B.E.2

Your white things will never know there's a war on and you will be helping to save fuel.



PAROZONE YOUR LINENS and COTTONS

No wasteful coppers of hot water, no extravagant boiler fires which eat up fuel. We can't afford them these times when fuel economy is so vitally essential to the war effort and to build up domestic stocks for the winter. And they aren't necessary, anyway. Long the faithful guardian of pure and gleaming white linens and cottons, Parozone is now doubly useful, for it requires COLD water only to achieve its brilliant, snow white result.

FROM YOUR GROCER OR STORE

PAROZONE

PRE-WAR QUALITY AND PRE-WAR PRICE

For MUSTARD GAS

Parozone should be applied full strength to the affected parts, left on for two minutes and then washed off. It must be applied immediately or within five minutes.

Parozone must not be applied to the eyes.

Head Office: Glasgow. Also at London and Nottingham.

The Norwegians spell gravy like this—KJØTTKRAFT

... but British cooks spell it

BISTO

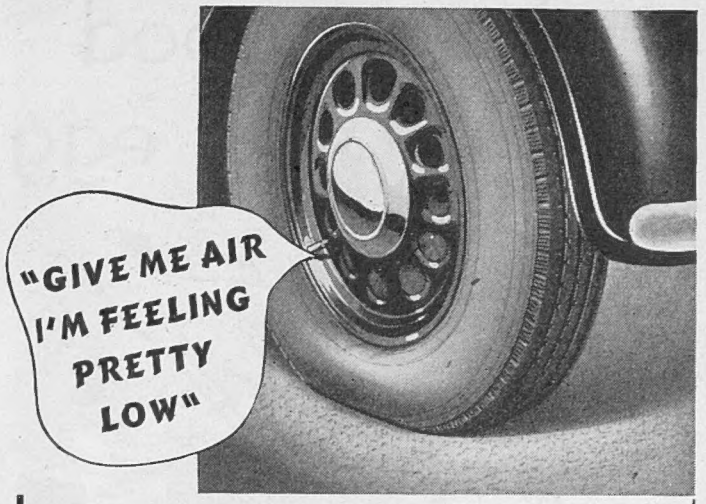
La Laine knitting wool creates a classic Jersey of pre-war excellence and quality—but, unfortunately, the quantity is limited.

Lady's Jersey from La Laine Leaflet No. 2132 price 3d. or 4d. post paid

LA LAINE
knitting wool

In difficulty write BAIRNS-WEAR Ltd., Dept. LL123, Perry Rd. Nottingham

CVS—L26

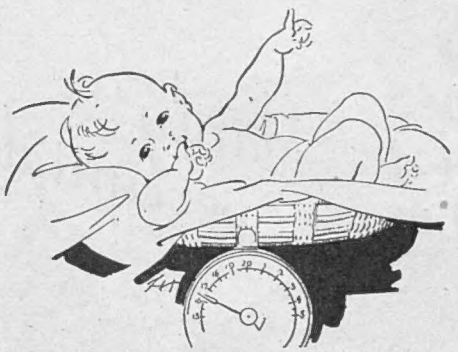


Every underinflated tyre is a rubber waster. It carries part of the load on its casing instead of on the air inside. Overflexing results and produces extra heat. Rupture of the fabric and rapid, uneven wear of the tread ensue. Don't spoil the value of your Austin's wartime job by letting it waste rubber. Always see your tyres are at correct pressure.

HELP YOUR AUSTIN TO HELP THE COUNTRY

READ THE AUSTIN MAGAZINE—*it contains useful tips—4d. monthly*

The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Longbridge, Birmingham 8.I.211



HEALTHY GAINS *for* YOUR BABY

Deep, peaceful, unbroken sleep is vital to infant growth. When baby is cross, fretful, sleepless, those weekly ounces of gain do not appear on the scales. Mother, take care! Look to baby's digestion.

The minute you see baby feverish, constipated, suffering with wind, just give a little 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid. Soon comes pleasant relief. 'Milk of Magnesia' safely and surely sweetens the sour little stomach, regulates the tiny bowels, soothes and calms baby. And with sourness and sickness gone, with bowel movements regular, you are overjoyed to see restful, healthy sleep again. Baby makes those steady gains in weight that are the delight of every Mother. Doctors and Nurses everywhere recommend 'Milk of Magnesia' as a safe, ideal antacid and gentle laxative for babies.

'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.

By Appointment to H.M. King George VI

McVITIE & PRICE'S *Quality* BISCUITS

As good a food as you can buy

Unfortunately not at present obtainable everywhere but, as thousands will be glad to know, they'll be obtainable everywhere after the war.

McVITIE & PRICE LTD · EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

Twice as good with egg

WHAT a blessing it is that you can now use almost as many eggs as you want. Thanks to the success of dried egg in this country, arrangements have been made for more eggs to be dried and sent over to us. Better still, the price has come down to 1/3 per 12-egg package. Eggs at 1½d. each in war-time... How wise you will be to use all the dried egg you can buy!

But, as letters show, some people do not know as much as they should about this first-class food. Here are some answers to questions that may interest you, too:

Is Dried Egg a good substitute for eggs for children?

Dried egg is not a substitute at all! Dried egg *is* egg; gives you everything that a new-laid egg can give except the shell and water. Simply make up the dried egg as directed and you have egg every bit as nourishing, wholesome and digestible as an egg in a shell.

Why were eggs "cried down" at first; and now they are praised?

Eggs were not "cried down" in regard to their nourishment. Their chief food value is as a body-builder. Shell eggs were very costly in shipping space: they are too bulky to import. Feeding-stuff for hens is also terribly wasteful of shipping space. In the circumstances, shell eggs were indeed an unnecessary luxury. But now we have dried egg; solid nourishment, easy to ship, cheap to buy, handy and convenient.

How much Dried Egg can I get?

You can now get one 12-egg packet of dried egg on each ration book every 4-week rationing period. This new arrangement started on July 25th and it allows everybody three eggs a week. Make sure you use them! Egg helps to make up for any shortage of other body-building foods such as meat, cheese, fish; and three or four eggs a week is a good way to step up your diet in health-giving minerals and vitamins also.

I am not successful in making up Dried Egg

Follow these simple rules for the true "new-laid" flavour:
1. Allow 1 level tablespoonful egg and 2 tablespoonfuls water for each egg. 2. Put the dried egg in a clean bowl and add only half the amount of water. 3. Work with a spoon against the side of the bowl until you have an absolutely smooth paste. 4. Then add the rest of the water and stir well till all is completely blended. Do not make up more egg than you require to use straight away.

How long will Dried Egg keep?

An important point is to keep it in a cool, dry place — away from light if possible. Once the tin or packet is opened, it is best to use up the egg within two or three weeks. Re-close the packet as well as you can. *Do not put it in the refrigerator.* But there's no need to store the egg — use it up — there's plenty more!

BACON AND EGG PIE

2 eggs (already made up with water), 2 rashers of bacon, 8 oz. potato pastry, ½ oz. breadcrumbs, salt and pepper.

Beat the egg. Line a plate with half the pastry. Mix egg, breadcrumbs, salt and pepper and the bacon chopped in pieces, all together. Pour this mixture on to the plate, cover with the rest of the pastry. Bake in a moderate oven for ½ hour. Serves 4.

DRIED EGG RECIPE LEAFLET — FREE

Please send a postcard for it to the Ministry of Food, Food Advice Service, London, W.1.

M of F

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD (S70)

They're Friendly
They're Smart
They're Hutton's

In a full range of colours.
Ask for "Hutton" Shoes by name at Dolcis, Lilley & Skinner's, Saxone, and most good Shoe Shops.

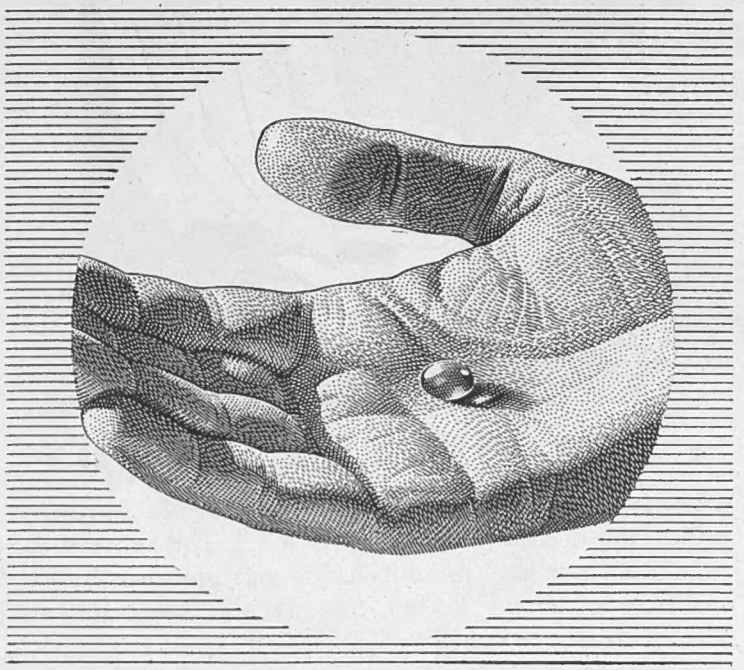
Hutton of NORTHAMPTON

Hardy perennial...

This lovely suit of finest woollen tweed in various floral shades, will bloom through many seasons. The attractive posy is a distinctive touch...

Hershelle MODEL

...look for the name HERSHELLE on the label.



AN ESSENTIAL OF WARTIME DIET

STORED IN this tiny capsule are two vitamins without which it is impossible to maintain health. They are 'protective' vitamin A and 'sunshine' vitamin D and, unfortunately, they are not always readily obtainable in a wartime diet.

A daily dose of Crookes' Halibut Oil—one of the richest natural sources of these vitamins—will build up your resistance and stamina and prove of inestimable value during this fifth winter of war.

CROOKES' HALIBUT OIL

OBTAINABLE ONLY FROM CHEMISTS

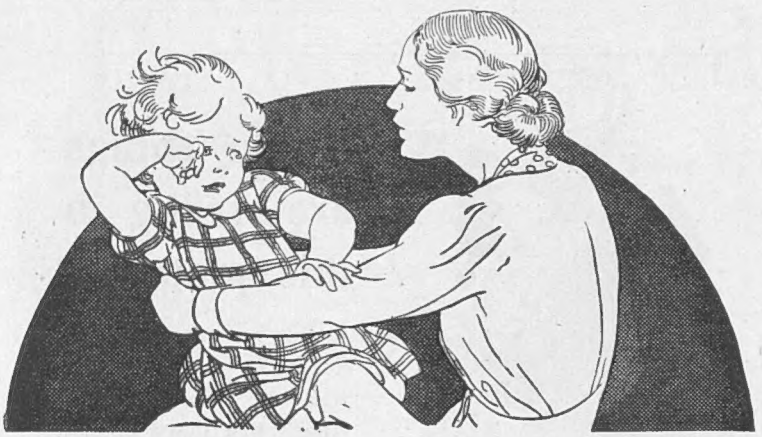
Capsules—per bottle of 100—8/6 · Liquid—per phial—enough for 16 days 2/-

C1

This skill

Plotting the course of aircraft on a map is a responsible and serious task . . . We can't all be Operational Officers in Coastal Command. We can't all be in the W.A.A.F. But we *can* all bring to our daily work this solemn dedication of our skill and energy . . . So that, pulling together as a formidable team, we shall achieve Victory . . .

The Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Coventry



Mother!
Constipated Child needs
'California Syrup of Figs'

Hurry Mother! A teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative now will sweeten the stomach and thoroughly clean the little bowels and in a few hours you have a well, playful child again. Even if cross, feverish, bilious, constipated or full of cold, children love the pleasant taste of this gentle, harmless laxative. It never gripes or overacts.

Ask your chemist for 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages.

Prices 1/4 and 2/6.

Mother, be sure to ask for 'CALIFORNIA Syrup of Figs.'

ATKINSONS

Eau de Cologne

In the Napoleonic Wars, when carved hearts on a tree were the symbol of affection between the soldier and his true love, Atkinsons was the favourite essence for easing the pain of parting or heightening the gaiety of a reunion. Today, the oak-tree carving has given place to the regimental badge, worn by the girl he leaves behind him as a sign that two hearts beat as one. But Atkinsons, made from the same delightful recipe, is still the favourite Eau de Cologne. . . . During this war raw materials for making Atkinsons are scarce, so if your usual shop is out of stock please be patient for the time being.

ATKINSONS OF OLD BOND STREET

AEC 138A-96

J. & E. ATKINSON LTD.

When the Post-war Girl opens her Book of Fashion, she'll find a new order in foundation garments! For the latest Youthlines will be there, to give the smooth silhouette which a streamlined age will demand. As for comfort — but you'll be hearing all about these new creations in good time. Meanwhile, the name to keep in mind is **Youthline**

GIRDLES, CORSELETTES AND BRAS. BY W.B.

shopping . . .

Queues at every shop, yet she still remains cheerful. Foot comfort is half the secret. Her shoes are smart—she insists upon that. They are practical—coupons are precious! But more important; her shoes are comfortable—thanks to the famous NORVIC principle of the Braced Foot Fit. Be wise in your turn—choose Norvic shoes.

NORVIC

THE NORVIC SHOE CO., LTD., NORWICH

CARE OF THE HANDS

DURING the last few weeks we have been able to make a slight increase in our deliveries of Hand Lotion. The increase is small, so should you get a bottle of Coty Hand Lotion, please go sparingly with it.

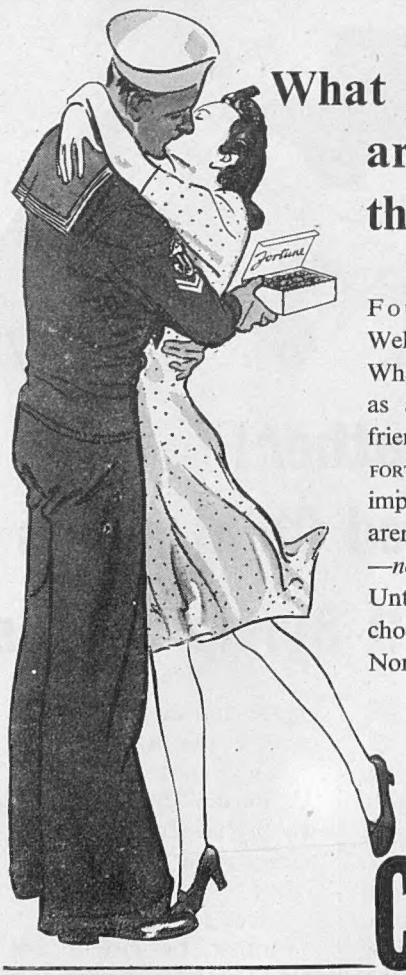
Three tips that will keep your hands smooth and white:

(1) Apply before washing. Rub well in and wash off with soap and warm water. Use nail brush with reserve.

(2) Apply before starting a dirty job. This protects the hands and prevents the dirt from seeping down into the pores.

(3) Always apply a few drops after washing, to keep the hands in good condition, and at night before going to bed.

Coty
HAND LOTION



What four things are wrong in this picture?

FOUR things wrong? Well, one's pretty obvious. What's that sailor bought as a surprise for his girl friend? A box of Caley FORTUNE Chocolates! Quite impossible of course—Caley aren't making FORTUNE now *—not until after the war.* Until then though Caley chocolate is available in Norwich Plain blocks—2½d.

There ARE three other errors. This British sailor has an American Naval hat, badges on the wrong arm—and turn-ups to his trousers!

CALEY

Less Time for Housework – more need for

BELONG TO YOUR SAVINGS GROUP

FOR LINOLEUM WOOD FLOORS AND FURNITURE

MANSION ANTISEPTIC WAX **POLISH**

EXCELLENT FOR THE LEATHER & COACHWORK OF MOTORS PERAMBULATORS &c

MP QJ

Housewives, whose time for home duties is curtailed by war work, find Mansion Polish a real help in keeping the home bright, clean and healthy.

Be sparing in use—supply is restricted.

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM

His teeth need YOUR care–

Mother, you can do something for your child for which he will thank you throughout his life. By taking proper care now you can ensure his having sound teeth when he grows up. Dentists advise the use of the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'*, which corrects acid-mouth—so often the cause of dental decay.

The toothpaste to ask for is Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Train your children to use it night and morning. They love its pleasant mild flavour.

1/1d. and 1/10½d.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

TAKE OLD TUBES BACK TO THE SHOP

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

HOW YOU CAN BECOME A NURSE

You receive free training — with pay. On passing the exams State Registration follows and opens the door to a career full of happy service and opportunity. For the right type of girl Nursing is the finest of all vocations. For full particulars post the coupon below.

FREE UNIFORMS
Hospital Authorities provide full indoor uniform for their Nurses.

NEW SALARY SCALE
The reports of the Rushcliffe and Taylor Committees herald far-reaching changes.

WIDE RANGE OF INTERESTING POSTS
Many non-residential posts are open to qualified Nurses, including Health Visiting, District Nursing, Industrial Nursing and in Nursing Services abroad.

TRAINING WITH PAY
A Student Nurse pays no fees for training and she receives a Cash Allowance.

HOLIDAYS WITH PAY
Nursing Staff, including Student Nurses, generally receive 28 *days paid holiday* each leave year.

PENSION SCHEMES
A Nurse in her hospital career qualifies (there are a few exceptions) for a pension payable on retirement.

TO: THE MINISTRY OF LABOUR AND NATIONAL SERVICE (Dept. N.R.), 24, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

Please send illustrated literature on Nursing as a wartime job and as a career. Also details of TRAINING, PAY, etc. [USE BLOCK LETTERS]

Name and Address (*including Town*) .....

.....

STATE AGE IF UNDER 18..... County..... B.E.11.

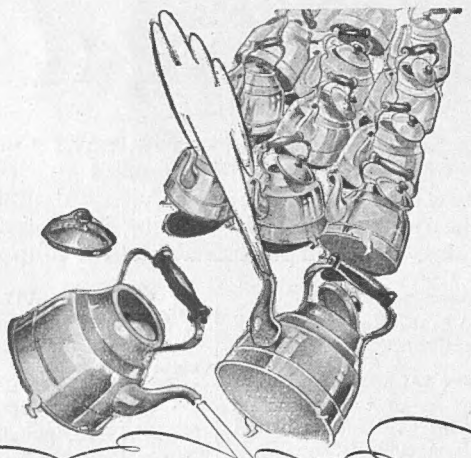
Here's to the day when

once again we order

Schweppes

The Proof of the Biscuit is in the Eating!

Weston



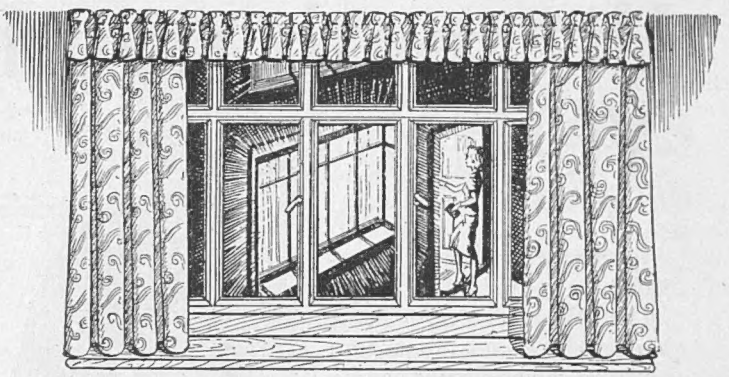
A battalion of kettles won't stop a tank

—that is a job for guns, shells, mines and bombs. So that industry can concentrate its energies on the weapons and supplies of war, the manufacture of most of the conveniences you knew in peacetime is drastically curtailed. Winning the war is Britain's first concern. When that is done there will be new and better G.E.C. Household Electric Appliances for your enjoyment.

G.E.C.

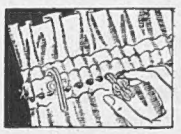
HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC APPLIANCES

Advt. of The General Electric Co., Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, W.C.2



When we banish blackout

Madam enters a shop. They are very sorry, but they have no 'Rufflette' curtain tape. She tries another shop. This time she is lucky. Supplies have just come in. That's how it is with wartime shopping. Thank goodness there'll be abundant supplies for everyone when the blackout is banished.



'Rufflette' BRAND

CURTAIN TAPE (with woven pockets) also HOOKS, RINGS and RAILS

THOMAS FRENCH & SONS, LTD.

Factories: MANCHESTER AND WYTHENSHAWE: FALL RIVER, MASS., U.S.A.

***London Office:* 156, OXFORD ST., W.1. *Also* British Empire Bldgs., N.Y.C.**

A FRENCH'S PRODUCT

Andrew Frensham, a corporal of Signals, was fast being dashed into insensibility by the American technical sergeant

Dead Language

A Fantasy Of The Advance On Tunis

By Eric Baume

THE American technical sergeant sat brooding over the bar of the Alamein Club in Cairo. From his red hair there gleamed no usual tint of arrogance; over his shoulders was the droop of dejection. His eyes were so fixed upon his long, soft drink that, had he been closer to the glass, enshrined within its metal carrier, they would have squinted. Fans above him twirled without disturbing his reverie; occasionally he reached for a new straw, for he had been chewing straws without finishing his chocolate ice-cream soda, and these he had treated after the manner of a cigar smoker who chews a stub without lighting it, and eats it before he throws it away.

An English yeomanryman, beside him, passed the time of day. The big American looked at him listlessly, to mutter "Hiya" before sinking back into the gloom which seemed to cut him off from the rest of a pleasant enough world.

Along a passage somebody whistled. Within the club-room there was the comfortable groan of cheerful conversation. An Egyptian steward grinned broadly when two New Zealanders set Wazza Arabic upon him. He wagged a reproving finger at the brawny Dominioners as the whistling along the corridor became louder.

Through the door came a slim, bespectacled corporal of Signals, brown from exposure in the desert, shirt sleeves rolled above thin arms to scraggy elbows, shorts displaying bony knuckles of pigmented knee. As he walked to the soda fountain he stopped whistling and began to sing. His name was Andrew Frensham and he had been a science student at Bristol University before the Signals had been helped by his erudition, but his own chances for a commission blasted by his stomach ulcers. He sang softly—

Gaudeamus igitur
Juvenes dum sumus
Post jocundam
Juventutem
Post molestam
Senectutem
Nos habebit humus
Nos h-a-be-bit hu . . . . ugh-h-h!

Like a jaguar the American sergeant sprang at him, towering over him like a forest animal gripping a doormouse. They fell on the floor together before tables were overturned and chairs shoved back as a hundred troops of a hundred regiments rushed to save the tiny Englishman from the massive, rabid American.

By this time, luckily, Andrew's glasses had slid along the floor to be picked up by a South African gunner, but of all this Andrew knew nothing. He was fast being bashed into insensibility by the American technical sergeant until at last three Life Guardsmen and a New Zealander yanked the American from his half-conscious and fully bewildered quarry.

The sergeant was half moved generally to attack. Then, surprisingly and utterly sadly, he dropped his arms, picked up the little signaller and placed him on a revolving stool at the bar. The sergeant's width of shoulder placated one belligerent Life Guardsman as much as his smile.

And there was peace again in the Alamein Club.

The American ordered another chocolate ice-cream soda for the signaller; received the signaller's glasses from the South African who had picked them up; patted the signaller's back; proffered a ham of a hand.

"Buddy," he said, "don't mind me. I'm crazy. The trouble is for three days now I've been tryin' to tell myself I'm not nuts. But I am nuts, I guess, and it don't matter anyhow. Goin' to the M.O. to-morrow, and even if it means the bug-house, I guess I'll go home anyway."

The signaller, his glasses back on his nose, and his decorum regained, looked closely at the big man.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I do hope that you're not, shall we say, barmy, but really, you know, one doesn't suddenly spring like a lion at a very quiet chap and then buy him an ice-cream soda after one's picked him up, you know."

The sergeant was in the nadir of contrition. "Yeah," he said, "a guy doesn't do those things unless he's crazy. But as I'm crazy, so plumb crazy, it just don't matter. I'm sorry, kid. D'ya want any dough? Here it is." He produced a pile of Egyptian pound notes. The signaller laughed and pulled the

ice-cream soda through his straw. Then he spoke. " My dear fellow," he said, " utterly unnecessary. You see, I read Mark Hellinger and, of course, I know that sometimes in Chicago quite inoffensive citizens, or even Englishmen, are suddenly pounced on by extraordinary gangster fellows. I was reading *The Ten Million* only the other night just outside Carthage."

The American gripped his arm again. " Where ? " he growled.

" My dear fellow, what now ? Really ! "

The sergeant's grip relaxed. " Gee, I 'm sorry," he said. " There I go again. Guess I *am* nuts, but y 'see I was at Carthage not a week ago. I musta flown down to report to my technical unit here just about the time you came in."

The little signaller breathed more easily. " Well," he said, " at least you didn't jump on me again. Actually I s'pose that 's what happened. You were in action at El Jeb, were you ? Up near the old Roman amphitheatre ? They 're all talking about that stunt where the General Grant came through near the Wadi Al Kif. You know, where those Roman ruins get silhouetted up there in moonlight so that you can see them for miles."

The American sergeant again sank into the gloom which not only envelops the man's body but takes his soul through his boots as though drawing it down to some predetermined lower Hades. Automatically he sucked at his straw ; spoke :

" Lissen, bud," he said ; " I didn't only hear about that tank. I never want to hear about that tank again. I don't wanna hear about any tanks any more. I don't wanna hear about Roman ruins till the day I die."

He glared, and the little man moved back a space.

" I was in that tank," said the sergeant, " and I saw the ruins by moonlight and it don't hurt, I guess, to tell ya that 's why I wanted to wipe you out."

The signaller looked unhappy. " Why me ? " he asked.

" You," said the sergeant, " because you spoke some Latin words and I never wanna hear a Latin word again as long as I live. I hope they keep me in the padded cell and put plugs in my ears. Then you can come and see me and the nurse will pat my head kindly and my poor old mother 'll come out and cry and Uncle Jake 'll give the attendants cigars for me and the attendants 'll smoke 'em."

The signaller looked at him with amazement. " But I was only singing the old University song."

" I know it," said the sergeant, " but that song had Latin words, and it 's Latin words have sent me nuts." He paused. " And the trouble is, I know I 'm nuts, but I 'm gonna tell you the story."

LIEUT. DUDLEY FEATHERS, of the Royal Armoured Corps, looked at his watch. His General Grant was parked with forty other new tanks, on a narrow stretch of brown earth before the depression of the Wadi Al Kif. The late evening sun, ready to sink a thousand miles away by Gibraltar, sent long shadows up and down the park line, to deepen or pale as the spectrum decided, the pennons upon radio masts. The wadi lay over the next ridge, and deep down below it, stretching like a tortured python in undulating agony to the right seawards, to the left towards the desert. The noise of twenty-five-pounders and occasional howitzers broke the evening stillness. Sergeant Mike Huggins offered the Lieutenant another piece of tinned apricot, which he ate with relish, drinking the nectar of its juice from his battered pannikin. The gunner, George Langston, lit his pipe. The Lieutenant turned to him.

" It 'll be your last for a while, George."

" I know that, sir," grinned the big Somerset man, " but it 's a good 'un."

The Lieutenant smiled. " I think I 'll have my own cigarette," he said. " Twenty minutes, then up and over and down and then across the point G and in file and up the shallowest bank of the wadi, and then away we go." He lit his cigarette. " You know, chaps," he said, " those sappers amaze me."

The tank crew turned. The big American technical sergeant, come to act as specialist engineer on this particular show, rubbed a thumb across his freckles as he looked at the engineers' lorries. The sappers, sprawled on the ground, were enjoying their last cigarette before going out ahead of the tanks into the darkness to the point from which they would have to clear the minefields which lay between the tanks and the objective.

Half-hidden by oasis trees were lorry after lorry of infantry armed to the limit with every modern weapon, light and heavy. The American sergeant chewed on his cigar.

" I ses to the Lootenant. That must be them iron trench coats we heard about. Stops anything. He ses,' Shut up ! ' I shut up."

"They 're all great guys, I guess, sir," he said to the Lieutenant. "I 've seen them before when I was down working with them when you broke through from El Agheila. Nuthin' seems to stop 'em. Them and the infantry, I guess. Did they have a party that night at the Wadi Akarit on the way to Sfax, when everything was against 'em!"

"Yes," said the Lieutenant. "Nil nisi desperandum. You know, ad hoc kind of thing, cum esset cæsar in citeriore gallia, and so on and so forth."

The rest of the crew began to clear up their meal remainders; the sergeant lifted his pannikin and his fork.

"Sir," he said, "that language you speak. I reckon it 's pretty old-time, huh?"

The Lieutenant nodded. "Rather," he said. "The only thing I could do at 'Varsity, apart from going over a hurdle occasionally, was Latin."

"Yeah," said the sergeant, "you sure know a mighty lotta Latin."

They moved towards the tank, the Lieutenant glancing at his watch. "It 's a great language," he said, "and it 's funny to think that in this part of the world, in the days of Hannibal and Hamilcar, it was spoken seven days a week by the conquering Roman armies. Days of the Punic wars and after, actually."

The sergeant was impressed. "Sounds pretty good, y'know. Somethin' like a Mexican havin' a talkfest at the Customs Depôt on the Juarez Bridge, El Paso. Kinda snappy pronunciation, huh?"

The Lieutenant smiled again. "I was always taught the hard pronunciation," he said. "If you go to a cathedral and hear a Mass it 's done softly. I like the other kind. You know, the old horses galloping on the beach kind of thing. 'Quadra pedenti putrem sonitu quot something ungula campum.' I rather love Latin, you know, sergeant. That 's onomatapoetic."

"Sure," said the sergeant. "Sure, it 's a swell spiel."

The tanks moved off to the whistle and the dust swirled in their reptilian wakes. The Lieutenant quoted Virgil as he swayed and thudded in his cockpit.

The sergeant, by his side, felt the cadence of the old words. "Arma virumque cano," said the Lieutenant. His accent was execrable, and he repeated words like a parrot, but neither he nor the sergeant knew that.

THE little signaller, face cupped in his hands, elbows on the table, looked with real sympathy at the American sergeant.

"Extraordinary!" he said.

"Yeah," said the sergeant. "I 'd call it strange."

"Quite, quite," said the signaller. "But then?"

The sergeant's face was ravaged by the intensity of his thoughts. A melancholy drop of liquid teetered from his straw. He rummaged in the pocket of his blouse and produced a 5-cent. cigar, which he lit painstakingly and with increased sadness.

"Yeah," he said, "so we go on, and so everything 's hunky-dory. I 'm looking out next to the Lootenant, so he can see the works. It 's calm and it 's quiet, see. I 'm thinkin' to meself it 's sad I don't have a little movie camera; the half-light was good, I guess. Trouble? No trouble. Who gets trouble, I 'm thinking. Somehow I go back to the movies, thinking of trouble-shooters and the old days of the Union Pacific railroad. The sappers get over the hill, down into the wadi, and there 's not a sound. There isn't a shell in fifty miles, so far as I can see. Then the sappers get out on the other side, on the flat country, take out their gadgets and get to work. Are those boys efficient! You don't see nuthin' like 'em. And I 'd even tell that to a United States Marine, provided I felt good enough to fight. The tanks are in the wadi now, the whole forty of 'em; they got protection, see, they 're waiting to get the signal from those limey engineers. The Lootenant 's smelling the evening and still talkin' Latin. I don't get it. He tells me he 's quoting now about the Germans being barbarian, so I ask him why he 's got to use Latin to say it. And he tells me it 's Cæsar and the Gallic Wars, so I tell him my grandfather spoke the Gaelic, but he wasn't in any war with no Italian General.

"All of a sudden it 's July the Fourth, the bombing of London and the explosion of a hundred ammunition dumps, and I get a blast on the ear nearly knocks me cock-eyed. Yeah, we had it."

The signaller was sympathetic. "Rather ran into trouble, eh?"

The sergeant looked at him. "Lissen, brother, the only time I wanted to use the word run at that moment was for

meself, but there weren't no chance to run. Nobody would 've run, neither—that 's the way a guy felt. The big guns from two miles back, somewhere in the hill, find the sappers and straddle them first time and there wasn't a man left of 'em ; they died as quickly as Japanese at Guadalcanar. But they died with their boots on, see ? and we watched 'em die. Not a man of those limeys broke. The shells came down among 'em every so many yards, see ? And then out of nuthin' bombers came over, where the hell from, I dunno. And there they were, stiff on the minefield, the same minefield the Lootenant told me the General said was the biggest in Africa, because it had to be so near to Tunis."

The signaller broke in. " Horrible show, wasn't it ? I heard about it. Bowler hats, of course, for several fellows."

The sergeant looked at him. " Bowler hats or sombreros, makes no difference to those guys—they were men. If you 'd used 'em instead of Hessians against us, kid, there wouldn't 'a been no Bunker Hill, and I 'd be a limey. Can you imagine it ? Me—I 'd be a limey ! And me grandfather mightn't have left Ireland." He paused. " So you think a thing lasts for ever, but it don't take five minutes. That 's what the Lootenant told me. I thought he said it was horrible, but he said now he was using the word horribilis or something. I said ' Lissen, you want to save your Latin ; what do we do now, in English ? ' And that little Lootenant looked me square in the eye and he said ' Yank, what we always do—obey our orders.' But you seem to know plenty what happened next," he said to the signaller.

The little man shifted uncomfortably. " But, after all, who doesn't ? " he replied. " It was a great show."

" Where I come from," said the sergeant, " a show 's where you sit in a chair and buy a programme, see ? They put a barrage down behind us then, they got the range of the right flank. We got orders to fire back in the blind, and we did that. They came down from the right flank and they dropped everything from red-hot nails to stink-bombs on us." He stopped. " Well, you know, don't you ? "

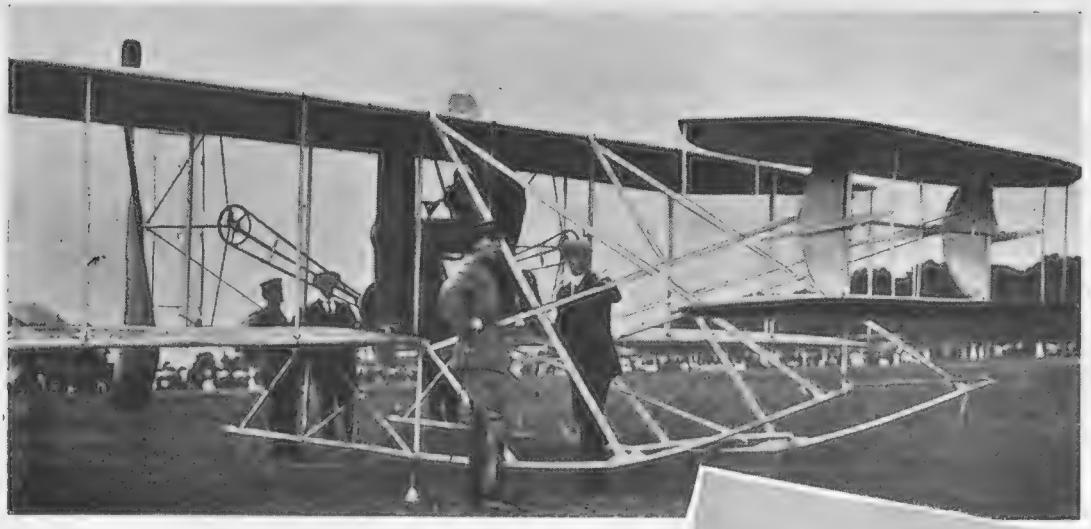
" I rather think I do," said the signaller.

" Yeah, there was one tank left. Sure, it had to be ours. The little Lootenant got a splinter across the neck. Made him bleed, but made him laugh, too. Didn't hurt him much. ' Pro Patsy Moran,' he said, or something, and I 'm looking at him wondering where the Irish come into it and whether he 's paying me a compliment, so I remind him my name 's not Patsy, and he laughs again. ' Yank,' he ses, ' we 're going up.' It was as silent as a Republican Congressman asked to breakfast with Roosevelt. It finished quicker than it begun, see, and there 's nuthin' left but dead boys and tanks which would 've helped a lot if they 'd been put in Madison Square Gardens as they were, to show the folks home how a limey dies, looking out the level of his eyes while he can.

" There 's not a sound. The driver yells something from down the glory hole and off we go, clatterin' up the shallow side of the wadi, until we reach the first of those (*Continued on page 51*

" They died with their boots on, see? and we watched 'em die. Not a man of those limeys broke. The shells came down among 'em every so many yards, see? "

EDWARD OSMOND



Military Aviation leaps under Mars' goad—but to-morrow we shall enjoy the benefits in peace of wider horizons brought by fifty years of air progress packed into five

THE Wright aeroplane at Fort Meyer, Va. A photograph taken on July 27, 1909. Reading left to right are: Lieutenant B. D. Foulois, Wilbur Wright, Lieutenant Frank P. Lahm and Orville Wright. The simple genius of the Wright brothers discerned the whole secret of flight—the flow of air against wings

Right:
THE world's mightiest cargo plane. An unloading crew removes a cargo of freight from a giant Douglas C.54 at an American coast airport. This aeroplane is claimed to be the largest of its kind in the world. Can carry fifty fully equipped troops or, alternately, loads of ammunition, jeeps and small cannon. A similar machine was used to ransport President Roosevelt and his party to the Casablanca Conference

When Peace Returns

By C. Patrick Thompson

"OUR bombers were out over Germany last night . . ." It began as a small irregular tap of the war god's drum. But after a time it grew louder, swelled, and now the whole giant battle moves to its thunderous rhythm. It's the beat of the powered wing, to-day used for demolition, to-morrow for the construction of a new world and a new life.

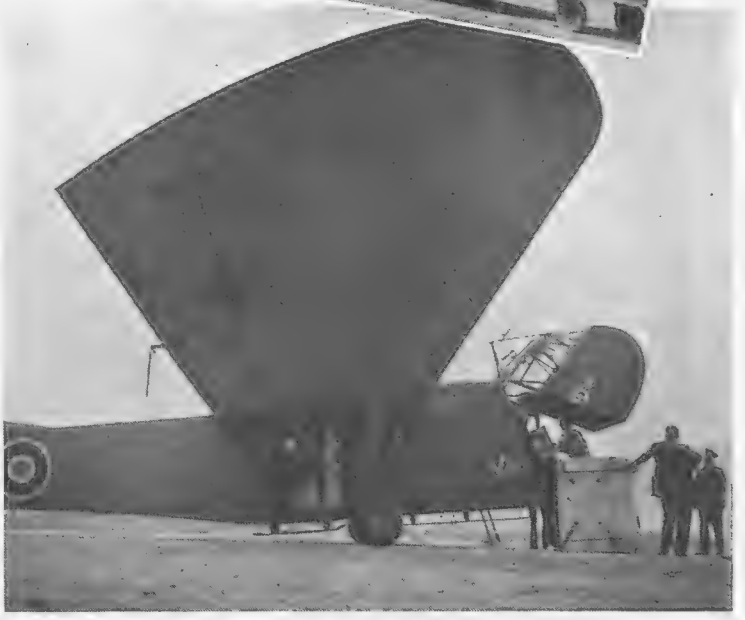
When we have a better perspective picture of how and why a little powered wing flying against the Luftwaffe horde saved Britain, and then how the wing grew in size and carrying power and range until it beat the heart out of the enemy and carried the armies of freedom to victory everywhere, we shall see more easily and clearly how man, after tinkering with his greatest discovery since the plough and the wheel, suddenly hit on the real secret of the wing, and rode it boldly into the true Air Age.

But just now the pace of achievement seems to have outrun general realisation. Three years ago transport planes were carrying only high priority passengers and such light and precious cargo as blood plasm and sulfa drugs and industrial diamonds. Now they're carrying guns and shells and military trucks and tanks and whole brigades of troops into battle. Overnight, the big bomb in the load has risen from a one-thousand to an eight-thousand pounder.

In Alaska, army transports fly up from Seattle a whole twenty-four-bed hospital to replace one burned out. In his office I mentioned that to Brigadier Hartgill, the D.D.G. of Medical Services, and the dark New Zealander grinned and took me over to his wall map of Africa.

"Down there the Yanks got into a hot spot and sent an S O S to our base for a general hospital. That's two hundred beds with mattresses, blankets, surgical stuff, equipment, personnel, and high-pressure sterilisers that weigh half a ton. They were in a hurry, so we flew the stuff down, sixty tons of it. When the Eighth Army was going forward, we flew a thousand casualties back a thousand miles to Alexandria. It's only a matter of having the planes."

One remembers when a headline pilot flew the South Atlantic, and it was front-page news. The other day one sky transport shuttled with full loads between Brazil and Africa ten times in six days, and another made the crossing eighteen times in twenty days, thirteen of the trips being on successive days. It was only a matter of changing crews, as one might run the same London-Glasgow express twice in twenty-four hours merely by changing the engine-driver and fireman.



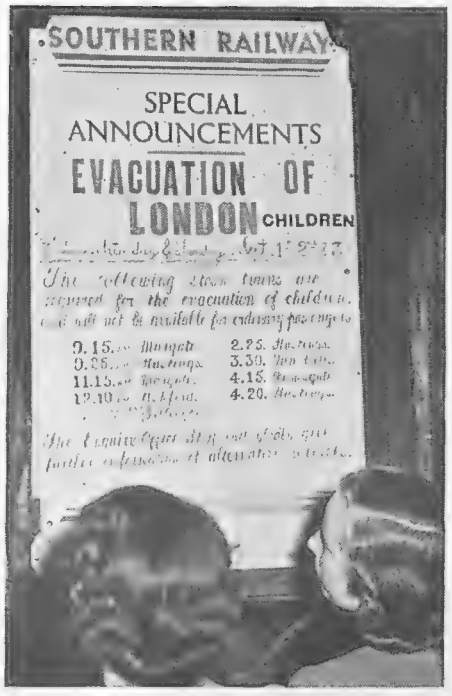
LOADING up at a Canadian base, the first freight-carrying glider to fly the Atlantic. It was towed across by an aircraft of R.A.F. Transport Command

Mr. Churchill flies to Moscow via Cairo, President Roosevelt flies to Casablanca, and King George VI flies to review troops in North Africa: and these events make 1943 news. But they only make news because of the personages, for in the field of aviation these are routine flights and not worthy of mention. The real news has gone before.

It happened when Wendell Willkie flew to and from besieged Britain in the Dixie (*Continued on page* 68)

Seeking the latest news in the quadrangle of the Foreign Office

Removing records from a government office to a place of safety



A special evacuation of children announcement at Charing Cross Station

All aliens had to report to the police. The queue at the Aliens Office, Bow Street, London

Do You Remember . . . How War

Four Years Ago

Friday, 1st September, 1939.

Well, this looks like it at last.

Things seemed black when I phoned the office at midnight last night. Hitler had presented the Poles with something that savoured very much of an ultimatum, and the Poles had "angered" him by not toeing the line. So they told me at the office. "It looks pretty black," they said.

When I phoned again this morning it looked blacker. "Warsaw has been bombed," my secretary said; "it's started."

"You're sure?"

"Yes, the report has been confirmed."

Well, that was that. It had come. All the tension, the anxiety, the exasperation, the hopes and fears of these last few days finished and done with. It was almost a relief. Almost, but not quite. Too much was at stake. The future lay ahead, too grimly uncertain, for all anxiety to be removed simply by the advent of certainty.

I tried to telephone my home in the country.

"It's no use," said the hotel switch girl; "calls are being restricted."

In the streets everything seemed much as usual. Fewer buses, perhaps, because it was the first morning of the evacuation of London's million children. A small grouping of people round the newspaper-seller. A faint tenseness in the atmosphere like the oppressiveness before thunder. A certain indefinable "something," but then that may have been my imagination. Sand bags were being filled and put into position against the lower windows of all big offices. Workers, stripped to their vests, worked jokingly in the morning sunshine.

In Doughty Street a family car was being packed with suit cases and children. Father, in shirt sleeves, was sweating. Already the street posters were telling the world: GERMANY INVADES POLAND. Impossible to realise that for thousands of men the long-predicted war had begun; that at this moment men were dying, bravely, fearlessly, and in many cases uselessly.

At the office there was a brightness in the eyes of the staff—that brightness revealing emotion, excitement, or anxiety. They had been through it lately with crisis succeeding crisis, with Hitler alarms and threats and notes. The tension was released at last.

This was it. This was what we had been foretelling in the paper for years. My staff is young—as in all newspaper offices: what will become of them in the days ahead?

They look at me out of their bright eyes—their leader, I suppose, at this moment, waiting for something to come out of me that will express what they are feeling. They are smiling, as if they had lived to see something come true that they had not really believed in.

And my first job is to tell them what to do in the event of an air raid, to take them down the stairs (following the green arrows) to the basement, to detail room wardens—who will see that rooms are speedily vacated if danger comes, to arrange for a supply of electric torches, chocolate, magazines to take with us on our flight, to listen to their friendly laughter when they realise that I shall be left standing in the corridor upstairs while they are hurrying safely below. That is a joke on the boss.

In the basement, among the rolls of newsprint, there is a feeling of safety.

And then in the office upstairs—the unreal atmosphere—the sense of unreality—the quiet suspense of waiting, the sudden dying of interest in our normal activities. All that we have put into our work (all the planning, the long hours, the unflagging loyalty) is being scuppered it seems at this moment.

I lunched with D. He is waiting to hear from the War Office. Bill has been called up,

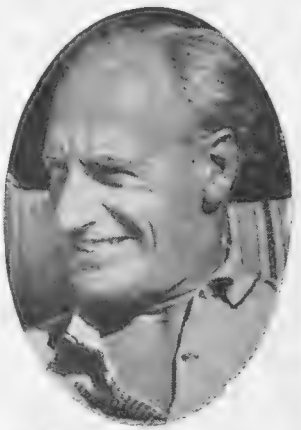
Blackout masks had to be fitted to all motor car headlamps

A London Police Station being sand-bagged in readiness for any emergency

Patients from the Westminster Hospital await ambulances to take them to a safe area

Came To Britain

This Month?



By James Wedgwood Drawbell

and is already away—in the R.A.F. We talk of old times—of 1918—when it all seemed ended.

D. will certainly be in it again. As for myself, I am also waiting to hear. My offer of service in the Munich crisis was "duly recorded," I was told, "and full use of it would be made if, unfortunately, another crisis occurred." Well, this is that other crisis.

Everybody is quiet and confident.

This government poster was exhibited all over the country

There is no outward excitement, but there are plenty of people getting out of London.

Asked Philip Gibbs if he was prepared to act as our War Correspondent on the Western Front in the event of war. He has some connection with the Ministry of Information, but is eager to accept, although "my eyes aren't what they were," he says. J. L. Hodson is another likely war correspondent for the Allies. Hodson has had bad luck with his book, *Jonathan North.* It came out about a month ago and should have been the big book of the autumn. Now it looks like going down the drain—with so many other good things.

Got Chamberlain's speech in the office before leaving. A fine speech, denouncing Hitler. Something like this a few months ago might have had an effect on the march of events.

And then to dinner with Lottie and Nick out at Brent. My first war dinner. A hot, stifling night, with London's first experience of blackout. There was W., a brilliant gynaecologist, sitting in the lounge, sipping a sherry and reading *Emergency Surgery*!

"I've lost touch with this end of doctoring," he says, "but now, as an air raid doctor, I've got to freshen myself up."

We listen to the German radio threatening punishment and death to any German who listens-in to foreign broadcasts.

We exchange stories of the last war. Lottie was ten then, and in Galicia. She fled from the advancing Russians with her parents. For two months she lived in sheds and railway trucks, and almost starved. Nick was a youngster in Russia, and saw the German Fleet shell the Russians.

Rain, steady drizzling rain, and the eerie, unusual blackness of London. Lines of cars, their headlamps so dimmed that they seemed almost unlighted, sizzing over the wet roads on the way home to my hotel. All London in darkness. An amazing transformation. Voices out of the darkness, drunks singing. To bed at one a.m. with a review copy of a book, *This is the Schoolroom,* by Nicholas Monserrat,* which seems now unlikely to be published. A pity, for it is a good bit of work. It is quiet in the room, and safe and secure. The rain steadily coming down. London is very quiet tonight.

(*Continued on page* 56)

* *This book was published and, in spite of the war, got very good notices.*

London newspaper placards announcing full naval mobilisation

Painting a white pattern on London street kerbs to make them more easily seen in the blackout

How Free Shall We Be?

By

Ferdinand Tuohy

The freest of all communities was the Ancien Regime

IF we are not the most wonderful people in the world, it is not for lack of being told so by our home-front orators, who employ extreme national self-flattery as an easy and agreeable method of exhortation to greater effort.

No doubt the psychology is correct: politicians should know how to get round the multitude. Modesty doesn't become Bellona, that's certain. At the same time, some of us may feel impelled to enter a caveat to the effect that national Narcissism, when carried too far, breeds delusions.

As a sublime instance, take Lord Woolton's confiding that when foreigners ask him what he does about the Black Market, he replies that there is no Black Market here. And next day someone gets three years for a sugar racket.

Did Lord Woolton believe what he said? Or did he figure that it would somehow help—that marketeers would desist from "un-English" conduct? Or was he joining unconsciously with those who insinuate how superior this country is, hoping thereby to lull dissatisfaction?

Marble Arch on a Sunday afternoon

Sometimes this mass-mind conditioning takes a merry twist as our orators descend, helicopter-like, on the issues of the day. Thus I relished the pride with which a second Minister claimed that foreigners look upon this country as the repository par excellence of personal freedom.

If you judge from the standpoint of what the Nazis and the Fascists have put over, of course foreigners feel that way about it. But that is not what our freedom orators have in mind. For having heard and said it so often, they have come to kid themselves that even in normal times the people of Britain enjoy a higher measure of personal freedom than any of their continental neighbours.

Yet I remember a symposium in Denmark on the subject—not a bad country for it, either—when England came out seventh. But come along and let's have a peek at ourselves.

Marble Arch on a Sunday afternoon. Eight pulpits or rostrums and a throng of, perhaps, a thousand split up according to the emotional, instructional and entertainment value of the spouters. Discreet police surveillance. Detectives ready to take notes. I start with this familiar scene because it is invariably held up as the cause of most foreign marvelling. Actually, foreigners head for Marble Arch as part of their marvelling at the extraordinary manner in which the English spend their Sabbath.

Hardly one of them understands two words of what is being shouted and very often we don't understand much more. What we do understand, though, is that this is just a long-standing show piece, a totally unheard, unheeded and "harmless" letting off of steam by queer people and honest apostles, having no more relation to personal freedom in the country at large than my boot. To which I would add that in normal times I have heard public spouting in foreign capitals that would singe the Ronald Colmans off our police listeners at Marble Arch.

NOT that I'm implying this isn't a very free land as regards words, written and uttered. It is all of that. Only the trouble is that so much ends in—words. I'd like to write a piece of deathless prose on those East End Guardians who refuse to allow children to play games in the parks on Sunday afternoon because it keeps them out of Sunday School. I detect here two of the Four Freedoms being assailed: freedom to worship or not to worship, and freedom of thought which prompts parents not to enforce their children's attendance at Sunday School. I find the children penalised in a manner that no continental capital would stand for for a moment. But supposing I wrote my deathless prose?

We are told that eighty per cent of us are not interested in church-going, i.e., in public or organised religion, which means that a small minority ordains, from divers motives, how the great majority shall comport themselves in matters cleaving closely indeed to personal freedom. I am quite sure foreigners would find it extremely difficult to (*Continued on page* 54)

Illustrations by Edgar Spenceley

Half of England seems to bear "No Trespassers" notices

Pepper And Salt

The Story of a Friendship that Lasted Until Death – and After

By Stanley Jackson

THEY met for the first time in a calaboose in Guatemala. Jimmy, the little Cockney, was playing solitaire when the big fellow was herded into the cell, but not before he had sent three of the guards sprawling.

"Not bad," said Jimmy quietly, continuing to slap down the flabby cards, "but if you'd used your loaf instead of your mitts you wouldn't be in this hoosegow."

The big fellow blinked at him stupidly and proceeded to straighten his loudly striped tie.

"Shut up," he said, but without malice. "Have a drink."

He took a swig from his hip-flask which had miraculously remained intact and passed it to the card player.

"My name's Farrar," he said genially, taking another swig. He stood about six foot four and looked as big as a house under that low ceiling. He had a blue jowl, a big dimpled chin and a weathered face seared with lines. He wore a soiled Palm Beach suit of which the trousers were designed for a smaller man.

"Why you here, son?" he asked, but without curiosity. "I guessed the wrong president in the local election, but I got friends outside." He rolled himself a cigarette.

Jimmy nodded shortly. "My racket's running guns to the slobs across the frontier. And I ain't got no friends," he added, scowling. "I hope you don't snore. The last slob in here kept me awake every night. Thank goodness, they shot him this morning."

Jimmy was shortish, but his strut gave him added inches. He had sandy hair, hard blue eyes and lacked eyebrows which made him look rather like a surprised baby. He carried himself like a light-weight boxer, walking with a peculiar swing of the shoulders and moving his head as if he were dodging blows.

That wasn't the last jail in which Charlie Farrar and Jimmy Bevan were to find themselves together. They hadn't stayed long in Guatemala. As it turned out, Charlie didn't snore and he was right about his friends. They got him out, only on condition that he never again embarrassed them by his presence. There was some difficulty about Jimmy's release, but a guard was persuaded to turn his back.

"YOU heard my mate, Swede," he said, still smiling. "We're leavin'. And we want a week's wages"

It wasn't long before this strange couple became known as inseparables. They got their nickname of "Pepper and Salt" because Jimmy was always picking a quarrel—usually with bigger men—while his companion invariably sported a blue reefer suit and yachting cap and boasted of holding a third mate's ticket.

For a couple of years before the war they had worked their way across the American Continent, leaving in their wake a crop of broken heads and several charges of vagrancy. The trouble was that Jimmy had a flair for losing his temper and leaving it to his friend to do the rough-housing. It was an odd association; the bantam Cockney supplied the brains and regarded his burly side-kick as a good-natured oaf who would be lost without him. For his part, Charlie tagged along lazily, considering Jimmy as a little bad-tempered boy who had to be kept out of mischief. They were known from Nome to Valparaiso for rough-housing and a contempt for authority.

In July, 1939, they were working in a whaling "floating factory." They listened lazily to a loudspeaker while helping to haul a big humpback whale aboard the factory ship. Jimmy was at the winch, and Charlie's huge muscles were braced as the two-ton steel claw clamped the whale's tail. Suddenly, Jimmy let go of the winch, and a dozen heads jerked towards him in surprise. He recovered quickly, but there was a funny dazed look on his face.

"You all right, kid?" shouted Charlie, wiping his face with the back of his hand.

"O.K.," called the little Cockney, but he still looked half stunned.

"Get moving, men," yelled Larsen, the foreman. "This ain't

no sanatorium." He was a red-faced man with bullock's shoulders.

Jimmy got off the platform and walked slowly across to him.

"See here, Swede," he said sharply, "me and my mate are through. I just been listening to the radio and there's a war coming. We gotta get back."

The foreman looked as if he were about to have a fit. His neck went deep red.

"What you say?" he yelled. "Listen to me, if you want no trouble——" He bunched a huge fist. Then he felt himself being yanked by the collar. Charlie was grinning while he shook him backwards and forwards.

"You heard my mate, Swede," he said, still smiling. "We're leavin'. And we want a week's wages." He cuffed the foreman smartly on the right ear. "Or must I teach you manners?" A good many men had learned "manners" at Charlie's hands, and it was a lesson which usually involved medical attention afterwards.

"All right, hold your hat," grunted the foreman, trying to jerk away from those iron fingers. "Sign a receipt for your money." Only then did Charlie release his grip. He looked disappointed.

As they walked towards the office, Charlie noticed that his friend still had that strange look.

"So we're in the war, eh?" he said with an awkward laugh.

Jimmy heeled on him sharply. "I didn't mean to let you in for this basinful." He broke off, looking unhappy. "This ain't your war. You're a Yank. When I heard that geezer on the radio saying that the kids and old ladies were leavin' London, something went wrong with the works inside me." A far-away look came into his eyes. "My old lady's in the Smoke but she won't leave, I'll lay a fiver. That little place of ours used to be Buckingham Palace to 'er."

"Didn't know you had any one left back there," said Charlie quietly.

"She's the only one who counts. Must be nearly seventy now—if she's still alive. I've sent one or two cards but she ain't answered. Can't blame 'er, at that. I was the no-good of the family, so I cleared out." He lit a cigarette and laughed in the old cocksure way. "Still, that ain't no skin off your nose. You be sensible and use your loaf. Stay out of this shindig and tell the Swede you changed your mind about the job."

Charlie appeared to be thinking weightily. "I got a friend in Rio who used to be kinda smart with a pen," he said slowly. "Kinda think he might give me some papers to say I was born in London. I ain't let you fight any one by yourself and I don't start now. Why those heinies would make mince out of you unless I was around. Kids and old ladies, eh?" he added thoughtfully. "Kinda guess we gotta teach that guy Hitler some manners."

THE man in Rio had not lost his inventive powers, but it took nearly all Charlie's cash to make him take the risk. Another surprise awaited Jimmy when they got back to London. His friend's boast of having held a third mate's ticket was on the level, and they soon found work to do. There was minesweeping at first, and then a spell on an oil tanker.

Now they were steaming north on *Susie II*, a freighter that someone must have rescued from the knacker's yard, according to Charlie, who ran a professional eye over the old hull. Her weary engines worked hard, but Jimmy's worry was the steam pipes which had just been installed.

"I did three months' plumbing once," he said dourly, "and this lay-out won't last five minutes in the Arctic."

All the same, they both felt secretly grateful to be sailing in the old tub.

"Wouldn't change 'er for a cruiser," he said to himself as he tested the breeches of the Number Two gun. Watching him, Charlie thought suddenly of that last leave in London when they had hit up the liquor. Jimmy hadn't spoken of his mother nor expressed a wish to see her, but that far-off look got into his face every time the London sirens wailed.

Susie II was moving smoothly as if aware that she was in better company and couldn't let herself down. Her tired old heart beat proudly as she kept course with the rest of the convoy. She was feeling her way through the North Sea with some caution as if she sensed that

STILL moving on hands and knees, he groped towards the forward guns

THEN the door was opened. He saw a little old woman smiling up at him

the wind was rising and the barometer starting to slump. The cold grey clouds were hooding the convoy, but in the half-light one saw some reason for *Susie's* pride. She was now shouldering the waves contemptuously like a drunken sailor in a rough-house. The flagship knifed its way towards Russia. Great warships with battlemasts swinging; razor-sharp destroyers with keen eyes and flashing fists; old merchant ships biting doggedly at danger with hatches stuffed with precious war materials. A long, lovely row of teeth but sharp and ready for ice, U-boats, dive bombers and the rest of the hell that would surely come before Murmansk.

As silence clamped over the convoy, the skipper of the *Susie II* pored over the maps in his chartroom. There was a fierce singing inside him as he heard the wind pitching its lonely howl and the *Susie II's* engines beating smoothly, calmly, like a dignified old lady who won't be panicked. Hitler had dragged him away from a garden in Kent but, more than once these last few months, he had thanked heaven for giving him back the sea.

Charlie, looking mountainous in a duffle coat, was on the bridge. He liked the feel of the spokes in his hands and the way the wind sliced across with a moan. It made a man feel strong. Jimmy was at the forward gun and just noticing the cold. His blood was too thin for this lark, he thought gloomily. But that mood changed as the old ship heeled awkwardly to a slight change of course. Probably getting into the U-boat zone now, he thought. Wouldn't it be swell to sink one of those pig-boats? They'd probably give him a medal and his old lady would forget all the trouble he'd been. Nice to see her again, one day.

HE was in the dull coma induced by extreme cold when someone brought him a cup of cocoa. He blinked stupidly as his lips touched the ice-cold liquid.

"Sorry, mate," shouted the messman, "it was steamin' hot when I left the galley."

Crikey, it was cold, Jimmy realised for the first time. A blizzard was driving across the sky and snowy sleet began to drum every pane of glass in the *Susie II*. But the despised steam pipes were operating nicely when he got below after a skiddy passage across the deck. Little patches of ice had formed everywhere.

The convoy was slowing up. The commodore knew these waters thoroughly; it wouldn't be long before chunks of floe ice would float out to meet them, and try to drive a wedge between the escort vessels. He had seen oil freezing in breech blocks and brave men crippled by cold at their stations.

They were moving carefully now, and the destroyers fanned out on the flanks with delicate apparatus alert for the first hint of a U-boat's engines. The men on the flak-ship looked skywards while detectors opened gaping jaws to the cold night, ready to snap at enemy aircraft engines.

The night seemed endless. The convoy was already bucking a nasty gale and snow squalls thrashed every deck. Waves were hissing past the hulls and the icy wind slammed tight in every face that showed over a turned-up coat collar. Gunners sat, numb, at their posts. Keen-faced young men watched over asdic apparatus. Crippled by cold, the men on the bridge gripped teak spokes and thought of Murmansk.

"I'll get me a pair of them Russian boots like they wear on the stige," said Jimmy, stretching lazily before turning in.

Charlie laughed and blew on cold fingers. "I'll go for a bottle of that fire-water they call vodka," he said, yawning.

The trouble started soon after dawn, not far off the coast of Norway. An Me seemed to slither out of the sky and jump the box barrage. A column of water geysered up to starboard of the freighter next in line to *Susie II*. The Red Ensign gunners were pooping away as hard as blazes, but that ship rocked and heeled. She had taken a nasty one on the foredeck, but seemed to be afloat still. The Me twisted sharply in the hail of tracer and machine gun bullets before hurtling home for base.

At the first sound of gunfire, the crew of the *Susie II* had rushed to battle stations. Jimmy had fired a few shells, and as they whined through the thin brittle air he shouted with joy.

Charlie, peering through glasses that kept misting over, watched the men on the sinking freighter. He saw a man crumple at his gun and take a few awkward steps before collapsing. He saw the skipper emptying his revolver at the mocking twisting shape of the Me. Then the freighter seemed to roll over lumpily and bury its old head in the sea. Destroyers were racing towards the lifeboat.

The convoy moved on, but with subtle little differences. Signals were flashing now, and minesweepers dashed ahead. Some of the cruisers were moving off; a previous Arctic convoy had had to grapple with an enemy fleet in these waters; the destroyers nosed hungrily for U-boats; and the old freighters ploughed through the cold grey mist, slow-moving and white-sheeted, with the paint on their hulls already peeled off by ice.

Jimmy was due for relief in a few minutes when he saw the Me squadron sweeping towards them at about 2,000 feet. He rubbed his hands together and grinned, although icy water was dripping from his tin hat and spray sent crazy patterns across his gun sights. He felt ridiculously (*Continued on page* 60)

My pet HEDGEHOG after drinking a little warm milk would creep back into bed again
(Right) It is not unusual to find newly born litters of RABBITS in late autumn

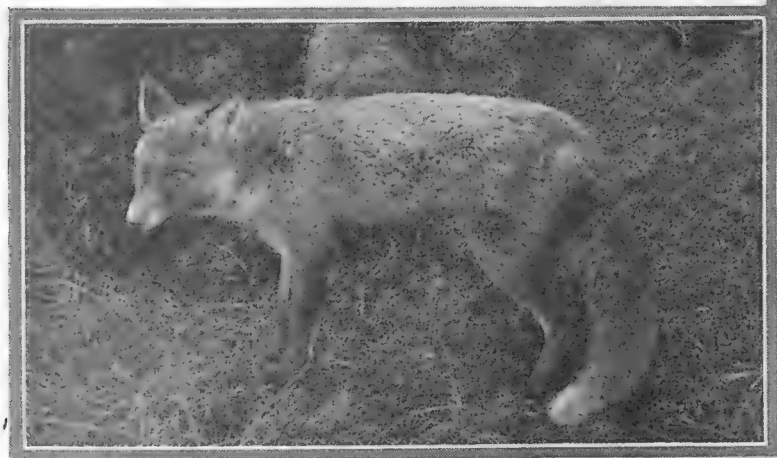
When Winter Comes

By B. Melville Nicholas

ALTHOUGH the autumn sun shines warmly in the afternoon, and butterflies of many colours disport themselves in its rays, a morning mist hangs in the valley and the rising sun shines on turf that is silvered with frost. Autumn hues have transformed the countryside and the wild folk are preparing for winter.

The DORMOUSE, for instance, has left his summer residence in the bushes and made a new home in the hedgerow. It is a cosy dormitory neatly constructed of leaves and grasses in which the little animal "turns in" for his long winter sleep. But not until he has had a good feast on nuts and berries! He eats and eats until he becomes a roly-poly ball of prosperity and then goes to sleep so soundly that even though you lift him from his bed, he would not blink an eyelid.

The HEDGEHOG, too, regards the autumn winds as Nature's lullaby and, choosing a sheltered hedge or bank, wraps himself warmly in leaves and grass. But I have known cases where a



The FOX is an all-weather roamer. Rabbits and birds figure largely on its winter menu
(Right) JENNY WREN will use her summer nest for a winter dormitory

period of warm winter sunshine has aroused sleeping hedgehogs. A pet hedgehog I once had frequently awoke from his winter sleep, but soon realised he had been misguided by temporary sunshine and after a little warm milk would creep back into bed again. Not all our wild creatures, however, have the instinct to hibernate, although some of them have the forethought to prepare for the winter by storing food, and the RED SQUIRREL is an outstanding example of this. In the autumn season of plenty, when nuts are to be had literally for the gathering, he prepares for "the rainy day" by harvesting supplies. These are hidden in all sorts of

The STOAT'S winter dietary includes rats, mice and voles as well as rabbits
(In circle) The DORMOUSE has left his summer residence in the bushes and made a new home in the hedgerow

places—holes in trees, hedges, under bushes and beneath the leaf-strewn woodland floor—but I doubt if the busy animals ever find *all* the booty they have hidden. Yet the fact remains that a squirrel is never short of winter rations. Of course the FOX is an all-weather roamer, and where the woodland paths lie damp beneath the trees you may find the neat dog-like footprints of the cunning Reynard, telling you where he has journeyed under cover of the winter night. Foxes usually keep to their recognised routes through the countryside, where rabbits and birds figure largely on their winter menu. Whilst tracking foxes one is almost sure to see the broad paw marks of the BADGER, for he, too, is a wanderer by night. Some folk believe that the badger hibernates, but this is not the truth. I have often seen badgers moving about in mid-winter and have many times tracked them over the snow-clad countryside. But they believe in comfort during the winter and lavishly furnish their underground homes with fern, hay and grass on which they sleep by day. This is in striking contrast to the HARE, which has no actual home at all. The hare is a born wanderer and spends the the whole of its (*Continued on page* 66)

Old Tales Re-told

A Story Of The Barbary Coast

The Capture and Escape from Slavery of the Beautiful Mdlle. de Bourk

Written and Illustrated

By

F. Matania, R.I.

AFTER the fall of the Roman Empire the coast of North Africa had fallen, except for a few places useful to the Moors, into a state of complete neglect. Even up to recent times the Turks never made any practical use of their extensive territory. Only when they lost it altogether did signs of civilisation appear along the tract of coast which just lately has been the scene of such tremendous events.

In 1719, the time of the story which I am about to relate, this coastal territory bore the name of Barbary. It was a barren and desolate country inhabited by lawless tribes of nomads. Through it passed occasionally a Moorish slave caravan, like a great bird of prey relying on human loot, and not above pouncing on some helpless ship that had been driven on to the rocky shore by a storm.

Any place suitable for the anchorage of a large ship was commandeered by the pirates, whose exploits carried them all over the Mediterranean. This lawless element was naturally in favour of maintaining the *status quo*, in order to enjoy the advantages it afforded them, and always sought to repel any foreign interference which might bring about some restriction of their liberties.

Security on the sea was only to be found within a few miles from the coast of Europe, and even then was somewhat uncertain.

This then was the state of affairs when a passenger ship put out one day from the port of Cette, not far from Marseilles, bound for Barcelona. It was of the small one-sail type known by the Arabic name of "tartan."

The captain of the tartan had not considered it necessary to equip his vessel with any defensive armament, as these short trips were almost always made within sight of the land all the way.

He had on board, however, a grave responsibility in the shape of the family of Count de Bourk, French Ambassador to Madrid. They consisted of the Countess de Bourk, her son and daughter, and the Abbé de Bourk, together with a large entourage of both sexes, all intending to travel overland from Barcelona to Madrid, where they would join the Ambassador.

It was Mr. Arthur who first saw Mdlle. de Bourk struggling in the sea amid a tangle of wreckage and ropes

Mdlle. de Bourk was relieved to find, however, that his expression almost detached, even when his professional eye was scanning the

A few other passengers and a small crew completed the personnel of the tartan.

The journey began under most favourable conditions, a fair wind sending the ship smoothly on its course through the deep blue water. In the distance could be seen occasional glimpses of other sailing craft, looking like butterflies which had settled for a moment on the sea.

Towards evening the captain observed what appeared to be a large caravel manœuvring somewhat strangely, now zig-zagging, now making direct for the tartan, but always coming nearer. At last, when the distance between them had lessened considerably, she signalled the tartan to stop. A moment later a gunshot was heard and the ball passed close by the mainmast.

The truth was now plain. She was a pirate ship who had been simply marking time until her prey was beyond help from any other quarter.

The little tartan could do nothing to defend herself from attack by an armed vessel of superior tonnage manned by a seething crew of cut-throats. The pirates were Algerians, members of a savage gang whose boldness had made them masters of those waters.

remained cold and beauty of her body

They boarded the tartan, exchanged almost the entire crew, and placed the passengers under a guard. The caravel then continued her marauding course, while the captive ship hoisted sail for an unknown destination. Several other vessels were sighted, some near enough to signal to, but the captain dared not make a move under the threatening eyes of the armed ruffians.

Land soon faded from sight, for the tartan was now sailing steadily south. The wind had changed and a dark haze blotted out the line of the horizon. Night was falling on a sea that had become ominously wild.

The Countess de Bourk, together with her son and three maid-servants, had barricaded herself in her cabin. Mademoiselle de Bourk and her uncle, the Abbé, preferred to remain where they could keep an eye on their captors. The other passengers, paralysed with terror and seasickness, huddled below, wondering what would become of them all.

The storm grew in violence and the night seemed an eternity. All efforts made by the pirate crew to keep on a straight course proved futile. Already the rudder was damaged and it was only by a miracle that the tartan kept afloat.

At last the pale light of dawn appeared on the horizon. Everyone, including the pirates, were physically exhausted, and great was their relief when land was sighted. But the violence of the gale did not abate just yet. Tossed like a nut-shell, the tartan was driven nearer and nearer to the rocky coast. Soon the time came when it was too near for safety. The waves dashed against the little vessel with gigantic force, throwing up great jets of spray which glittered in the now brilliant sunshine like millions of diamonds. Frantic efforts were made to keep off the rocks, but the spare anchor had been lost and the rudder, already twice repaired, had given way again.

The position was desperate. A huge wave suddenly lifted the tartan up and forward. When it receded it left her impaled on a jagged rock. The stern dropped immediately. The countess's cabin was totally submerged, and she was drowned together with her son and attendants.

Meanwhile, the Abbé and another maidservant, with the steward and a certain Mr. Arthur, were among those who were left clinging to the bows, which were still out of water. It was Mr. Arthur who first saw Mademoiselle de Bourk struggling in the sea amid a tangle of wreckage and ropes. He clambered over the side and succeeded in rescuing the girl. The steward helped to pull her up to safety, after which he tried to swim ashore, but disappeared before he could reach land.

Standing on the rocks were many Moors who had assembled to watch the tragedy. None of them made any attempt at rescue. Seeing this, the Abbé made up his mind to make the dangerous passage alone. With the help of a knife wedged firmly into a rock he held on long enough to be able to grasp a floating oar, which he used as a pole and thus levered himself into safety. When the Moors saw the Abbé emerging from the wild waters they reluctantly approached and held out helping hands to anyone else who attempted the brief but perilous crossing.

Mademoiselle de Bourk was the next. They caught her by an arm and a foot and dragged her ashore. In time the remaining survivors were rescued. But when they found themselves safely on terra firma an even worse shock was in store for them. Instead of receiving the expected help and comfort, they were stripped of their clothing, maltreated and insulted. Her fine underwear was torn from Mademoiselle's wet body with the utmost brutality.

When all were denuded, the ruffians turned their attention to the wreck. Even the elements seemed to favour them, for the gale abated and allowed them to loot the ship with ease.

Meantime the dead bodies of the drowned had floated ashore, and the survivors implored their captors to give them decent burial. The Moors replied that it was not their custom to bury infidel dogs; all they intended to do with them was to strip them of their clothes and jewels and kick them back into the sea. This they did, indeed, and the unfortunate survivors were compelled to watch the appalling spectacle. This sacrilege accomplished, the brutes then herded their living victims along the rough path that led to the mountains. A few strips of cloth were vouchsafed them to wrap round their bleeding feet, but otherwise they were naked. Slaves and unbelievers had no right to be modest.

If, during that long and agonising journey, they stumbled with fatigue they were threatened with torture and death. They were informed that any who could not go on would be stoned, for they would not profane their knives on Christians.

At last, when utterly exhausted, the unfortunate captives reached a rough settlement consisting of a house and some out-buildings, near which grazed goats and donkeys. Half-a-dozen men longed near by, who greeted them with jeers and curses.

Then out of the house came a fat and repulsive chieftain who was hailed with respectful salutations by the captors of the party.

The "slaves" were then formally offered to him for sale, for he appeared to be a dealer of some importance.

Mademoiselle de Bourk resented more than anyone else the supreme indignity of the examination to which they were then submitted. She shrank with repulsion when the dealer opened her mouth with his fat and dirty fingers to look at her teeth. She was relieved to find, however, that his expression remained cold and almost detached, even when his professional eye was scanning the beauty of her body. She was equally

relieved when she found that her uncle, the Abbé, and Mr. Arthur were included with herself in the same "lot" and had all been bought together.

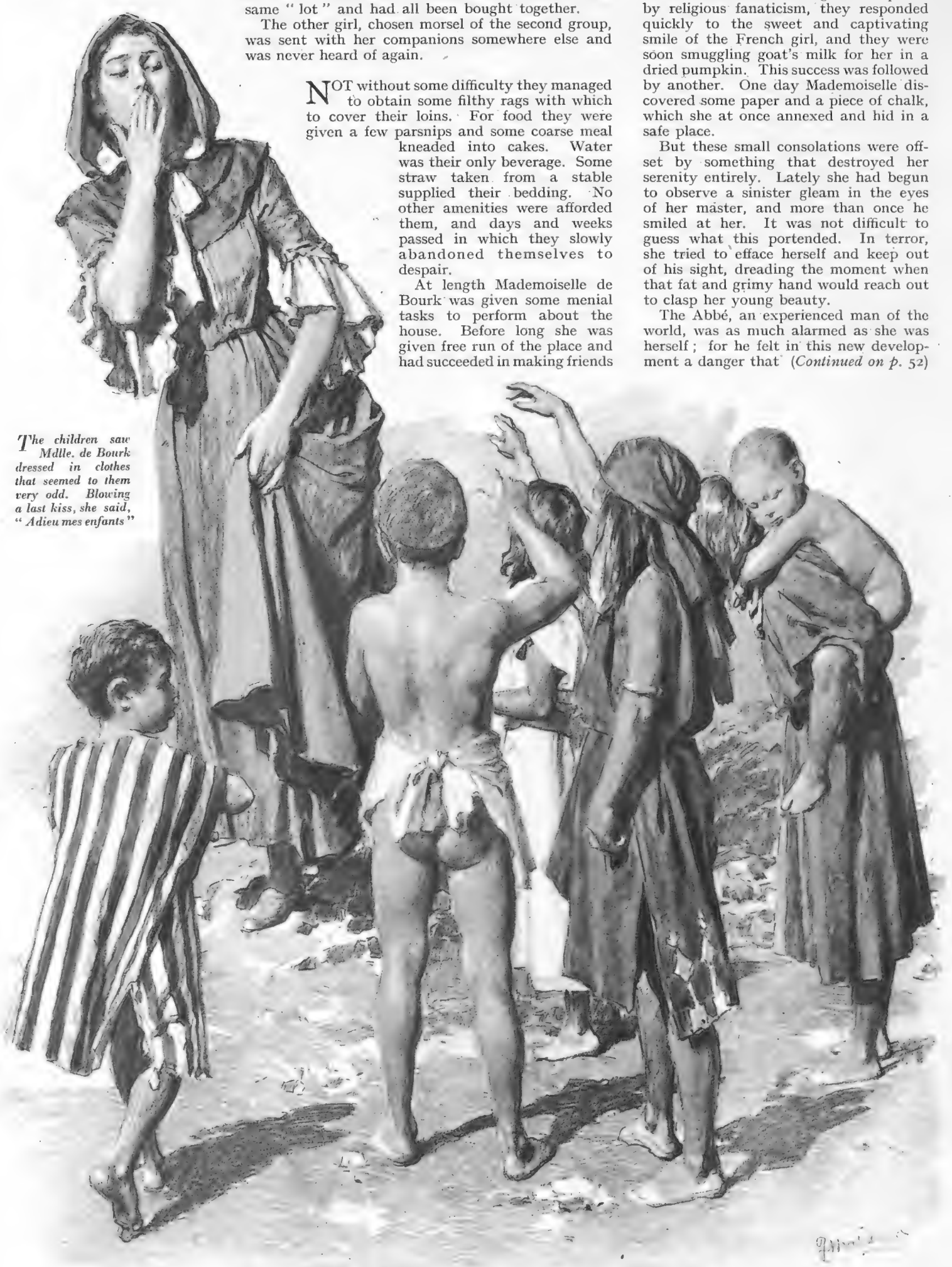
The other girl, chosen morsel of the second group, was sent with her companions somewhere else and was never heard of again.

NOT without some difficulty they managed to obtain some filthy rags with which to cover their loins. For food they were given a few parsnips and some coarse meal kneaded into cakes. Water was their only beverage. Some straw taken from a stable supplied their bedding. No other amenities were afforded them, and days and weeks passed in which they slowly abandoned themselves to despair.

At length Mademoiselle de Bourk was given some menial tasks to perform about the house. Before long she was given free run of the place and had succeeded in making friends with the master's children and those of the Arab servants. Young and unspoiled by religious fanaticism, they responded quickly to the sweet and captivating smile of the French girl, and they were soon smuggling goat's milk for her in a dried pumpkin. This success was followed by another. One day Mademoiselle discovered some paper and a piece of chalk, which she at once annexed and hid in a safe place.

But these small consolations were offset by something that destroyed her serenity entirely. Lately she had begun to observe a sinister gleam in the eyes of her master, and more than once he smiled at her. It was not difficult to guess what this portended. In terror, she tried to efface herself and keep out of his sight, dreading the moment when that fat and grimy hand would reach out to clasp her young beauty.

The Abbé, an experienced man of the world, was as much alarmed as she was herself; for he felt in this new development a danger that (*Continued on p. 52*)



The children saw Mdlle. de Bourk dressed in clothes that seemed to them very odd. Blowing a last kiss, she said, "Adieu mes enfants"

The hennin, or steeple, head-dress has been attributed to Anne of Bavaria, Queen of Charles VI of France

The fardingale, so beloved by Queen Elizabeth

Fashions That Sprang From War

By M. Lovett Turner

IF it takes nine tailors to make a man, it seems to take a war to start a fresh fashion in woman's clothes. Even Boadicea, the British queen who took poison sooner than fall into the hands of the hated Romans, might claim to have started the fashion of the kilt, for Dion Cassius tells us that she wore "a tunic of several colours, all in folds," on the battlefield. Joan of Arc, in the days when women of light virtue were punished by having their curls cut off, cropped her hair and wore man's attire.

Queen Elizabeth introduced the fardingale into England when Spain was building battleships with which to wipe the British Navy out of existence; and her gallant courtiers strutted about in the peascod doublet—a fashion seemingly designed to encourage "gourmandie and gluttonie," and still worn so cheerily by our old friend Punch.

Looking through the fashion books of past centuries it would appear that, while men marched to war, women stayed at home evolving garments to startle them on their return. Think of the hearty Norman, returning home after having quelled the Gascon rebellion in the eleventh century, finding his brave little wife in her long trailing gown revealing, for the first time, the shape of her waist—for it was not until the death of William the Conqueror at Nantes that women started to lace. A harmless fashion then, for the gown was merely drawn together down the back with cords passing through eyelet holes. Corsets came later, and wantonly careered through six centuries, leaving behind a mass of whalebone, steel, leather, cane and padding that must have rivalled the hair shirt of the penitent for discomfort.

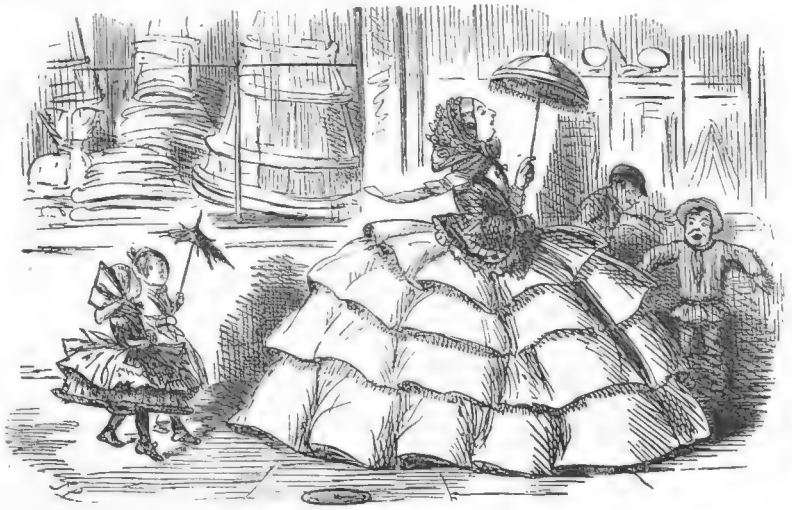
DURING the Wars of the Roses that rent the fifteenth century into two bloodthirsty parties, horns and hennins disfigured many a lovely face, and brought loud denunciations from both poet and preacher on the uncomfortable heads of the wearers. Lydgate, the monk of Bury, tried in vain to reason with them. "Horns are given to beasts for defence, a thing contrary to femininity," he wrote, and besought them to cast away their horns "inasmuch as the Virgin Mary never wore them." Women were likened to horned snails, harts and unicorns, and even the devil himself. But nothing man could say stopped the upward growth of these extraordinary excrescences, which often reached the height of two feet. We are told that it was found necessary "to enlarge the doors of the apartments of the Château de Vincennes," for the ladies wore "horns wonderfully high and large, having on each side, instead of pads, ears so large that when they would pass through the door of a room it was necessary for them to turn aside and stoop."

An Early Victorian fashion. Autumn styles for the year 1845

The hennin, or steeple head-dress, has been attributed to Anne of Bavaria, Queen of Charles VI of France. Few things deserve their name better than the hennin, for it comes from the old French word *gehenner*—to trouble or incommode, It was a stiffened roll of material, perched perilously on the back of the head at an angle of forty-five degrees. To make the balance more precarious a veil of net, or lace, was attached to the apex or, in some cases, a length of embroidered silk reaching to the hem of the garment. A piece of wire-netting was worn across the forehead to keep it in place. If the fortunate wife or daughter possessed a yearly income to the value of £10 she was allowed to cover this with black, and wear a black velvet loop across the forehead. Both colours and materials were strictly rationed in medieval days.

The beginning of the hoop. Introduced into England during the reign of Queen Anne

CHARMING glimpses of home life are revealed in the Paston letters written between the years 1424 and 1509. Margery, the wife of John Paston, utters the same old cry that has echoed down to us through the centuries when she complains to her husband that "she has nothing to wear." "I have no gowne but my black and my green" both of which she was tired of wearing. A peevish note is struck when she says that her friend, Elizabeth Peveral, has at least fifteen or sixteen girdles and she has only one fit to wear. Margaret Paston, with a charm and diplomacy not found in Margery's letters, writes to her absent husband in 1443: "I would ye were at home, if it were your ease, and your sore might be as well looked here as it is where ye be now, liefer that a gown, though it were of scarlet." We hope her absent husband (*Continued on page* 67)



The crinoline was ridiculed in the pages of "Punch" by the artist Leech, but in spite of this it became more popular than ever

Atlantic Crossing

THERE was no need for them to come to England. They could have stayed in South America, which, after all, was their home, and made their contribution to the war effort from there. But that did not satisfy them. Rightly or wrongly, the two Denham sisters had made up their minds to cross the Atlantic and nothing could make them change their minds. Neither really accepted the responsibility for this momentous decision; it was just something mutually agreed upon; perhaps because their father had been English, or perhaps because somewhere at some time they had heard a speech over the radio which had lit a spark in their hearts, or even, perhaps, because they had read in a local paper that every one in far-off Britain was a soldier in the front line. At any rate their minds were made up, and now it was just a question of packing and waiting for the next boat. They were going to join the WRNS of course; that also was a firm mutual resolve. For years past they had given cocktail and dinner parties at their house for the benefit of officers from the various English warships which anchored in the bay. They hoped they knew the Navy well; and now they were going to join it. They did not like the hats very much, but were prepared to sacrifice their feelings in the national cause.

The next boat was a troopship. A small liner packed tight with men going home to fight; nurses, diplomats, sailors rescued from other ships, women returning to their families and a lot of others whom the sisters could not identify. They were given a tiny cabin on the main deck to share between them. It contained two wooden bunks one above the other, a dressing-table and a minute porthole. Jo Denham sat on the upper bunk dangling her legs and smiling down at her sister. Beyond the porthole the coastline was fading into a distant blur on the horizon.

"Well, honey, how d'you feel?"

Peggy Denham gave her long fair hair a final stroke with the brush and swung round on her chair.

"Swell!" she said. "Good old England, here we come!"

THEY joined a convoy fairly soon after leaving port. Ahead and astern, and on either side of them long lines of ships of every shape and size stretched away into the distance, while beyond them hovered the watchful grey shapes of the escorting destroyers and corvettes. The sisters were glad to be in the convoy. It gave them a feeling of security, out here in the middle of the Atlantic.

"Thank God for the Navy!" said Jo.

"You're telling me!" replied her sister warmly.

But there were other things to think about besides the trip itself. A concert was to be held on board. Any one who could give a turn was requested to do so. The Denhams not only had a turn ready—they had their costumes as well. These consisted of bathing-dresses and tap-dancing shoes. The purser, who insisted on a private preview in his cabin, said that there was not the slightest doubt that they would be the hit of the show. To their intense embarrassment he drew a large and rather exaggerated picture of them doing their dance and stuck it on the notice-board in the main saloon.

The night before the concert there was a very bad storm. Jo and Peggy found it difficult to sleep and had to grip the bunk rails to prevent themselves being thrown outwards out of bed. When they went on deck the next morning the rest of the convoy was nowhere to be seen. Later in the day they asked the purser what had happened. He seemed very unconcerned. Almost too unconcerned, they thought.

"Quite usual—quite usual. We shall pick 'em up again this evening."

But they did not pick them up that evening, and when the curtain rose on the first turn of the concert the ship was still

HE was watching his ship; watching her settle rapidly by the bows

Two Sisters who Wished to Serve England meet with some Exciting Adventures on their Journey Home

By Edward Cranston

battling along through fairly heavy seas, unguarded and alone.

On the bridge one of the officers was speaking to the captain.

" They're having a concert down below, sir—is that all right? "

The captain turned away for a moment from his scrutiny of the bleak heaving masses of sea.

" Of course—wish I could join you. This is one of the occasions where ignorance is quite definitely bliss ! " He raised his binoculars once more, searched the horizon carefully from beam to beam, then spoke to the navigator.

" Give me that last U-boat report again, pilot ! "

The navigator ducked his head against the wind and peered into his chart table.

" Here you are, sir—might be anywhere about, blast him ! "

Jo and Peggy were waiting in their cabin when the torpedoes struck. There was a rumbling roar, a brilliant flash as the porthole was ripped off its hinges, and then the whole ship shuddered and lifted and dropped again. They found themselves sprawled on the floor, half out of the cabin. The deck was tilted at fifteen degrees. From somewhere outside a man was yelling at the top of his voice :

" Every one on deck. Stand by to abandon ship ! "

There was no time to change their clothes. They each grabbed a coat, threw it on over their bathing-dress and rushed towards the companion way.

In the morning they found that they were alone

The upper deck was a seething mass of dark figures jostling and pushing and elbowing their way towards the boats, whilst the ship's crew and a few soldiers tried to maintain some sort of order out of the chaos. A huge sailor, stripped to the waist and covered in fuel oil, seized hold of the two sisters.

" 'Ere you are, lassies—you first ! " And clutching each of them by a hand he thrust his way through the mass of people towards a lifeboat.

They caught brief kaleidoscopic glimpses of an officer standing by a boat, a group of soldiers standing at ease, their equipment slung round their shoulders, as immovable as if they were on parade, and then the lifeboat was in front of them and they were scrambling up the wire ladders into it.

The ship was beginning to list badly and the boat was hanging well clear of her side. Below them the water looked grey and cold and icy plumes of spray were already leaping up over the gunwale.

" Lower away ! "

The boat began to descend, jerkily at first, and then more smoothly. Jo, crouching in the stern, watched the deck disappear and the water grow steadily nearer.

" Just right for a trip round the bay ! " she said. But already her teeth were beginning to chatter.

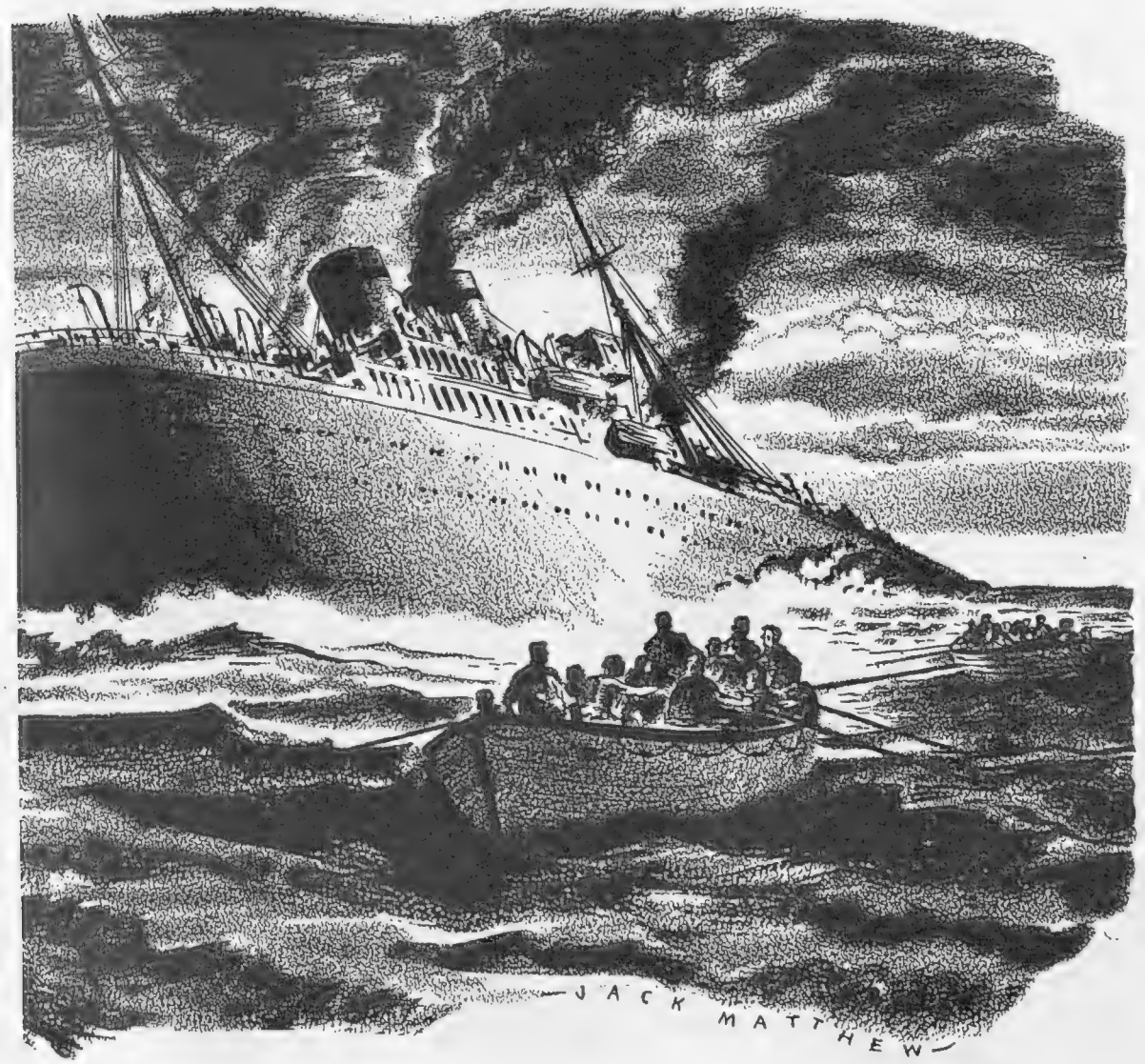
Peggy was feeling in the pocket of her coat.

" Brandy flask ! " she muttered. " Praise the Lord ! "

Her sister grinned.

" We'll need it," she said.

There was only one officer in the boat. The rest were civilians, apart from five soldiers who had been wounded in the explosion. They were up forward lying under the canopy. One of them groaned each time the boat rocked in the heavy swell. His leg was broken in two places and his trousers were seeped in blood. A woman with a baby sat between the two sisters in the stern, her lips moving gently



Their crews who knew the sea, its kindness and its cruelty, knew also how to treat these human souls who had been rescued from the sea

as she crooned a lullaby and her wide, frightened eyes fixed on the officer at the tiller as if he represented her one solid hope in a suddenly shattered world.

"Any one know anything about nursing?" The officer did not look down as he spoke. His gaze was riveted on the slowly sinking ship and the swarm of boats pulling away from her sides.

Jo and Peggy answered at the same moment.

"We can try."

"Sure—I got a medal for it at school!" The officer grinned.

"Try to get forward and see what you can do for those pongos—one or two have caught it badly." Then suddenly he stiffened and his fingers gripped the tiller more firmly. There was a curious look in his eyes—sad, yet hard. He was watching his ship settle rapidly by the bows; watching her until only the blunt stern and the idling screws showed above the oily water; watching her until she was gone and he could see her no more. He was not an emotional man, but he knew that unless he said something quickly the tears behind his eyelids would become too much for him and he would make a fool of himself in front of all these people.

"The dirty swine!" he said. And as he spoke he felt all right again—he didn't know why. Wonder what my next ship will be, he thought.

THE sisters picked their way carefully between the people crowded on the thwarts and bottom boards of the boat. Hands were raised to steady them as they balanced precariously between one thwart and another. Each time the boat rocked they grabbed at an arm, a shoulder, or a head to prevent themselves being hurled into the water. They reached the bows at last and saw the soldiers. The man with the broken leg smiled up at them.

"Angels," he said; "bloomin' angels from 'eaven!"

Jo bent over him and began pulling gently at his trouser leg. It was stiff with congealed blood and sticking to his skin. His face was very white.

"Not me, Miss—Nobby first—'e's bad." He nodded his head in the direction of another man lying flat on his back, his eyes closed. Peggy was kneeling beside him, her fingers resting lightly on his pulse. As Jo watched, the man's eyes opened and his head jerked upwards. He tried to speak, but only blood came from his mouth. Then, very abruptly, his head fell back and he was dead. Peggy stood up. She was feeling very sick. In a whisper she spoke to the woman next to her:—

"Tell the officer one of them is dead!"

From mouth to mouth the message was passed to the stern. The woman with the baby heard it and held her child a little more tightly in her arms. The officer was steering towards a group of boats about two miles to starboard of them. He spoke casually out of the side of his mouth.

"Tell two of the men to take off his uniform and then lift him over the side." God, he thought bitterly, that women should have to see this sort of thing!

The baby woke and began to whimper.

There was a dull splash as the body slid into the sea. One of the men turned to Peggy. The dead man's battledress hung limply in his fingers as he offered it to her.

"Please put it on," he said; "you must keep warm."

She looked at him for a moment, then leant over the gunwale and vomited. Then she turned back and allowed him to help her into the clothes. In a minute, she thought, I'll wake up and all this will be a dream.

The man took off his coat and touched Jo on the shoulder.

"You, too," he said. "I can do without this."

Together the sisters knelt beside the man with the broken leg and sponged with pieces of cloth at the clotted blood. Occasionally the soldier groaned, and each time he did so he apologised.

"Sorry, Miss—O.K. now!"

They could see the white mound where the bone was pressing against the skin. Someone passed them a first-aid bag. In it they found splints and bandages. As they worked the soldier lay back and dug his finger-nails hard into the wooden deck. At last they had finished. Peggy produced her brandy flask and held it to the man's lips.

"Have one on me," she said.

She lifted his head and the man swallowed. He spoke painfully between his teeth.

"Blimey—what a treat!" Then he fainted.

Another man had a deep wound in his cheek, a third a piece of metal in his thigh, a fourth a long bloody gash down his back. Assisted by the two men, Peggy and Jo worked steadily, washing, sterilising as best they could, bandaging and comforting. When they had finished and had time to look around them they saw that they had been joined by half a dozen other boats, and that the (*Continued on page 62*)

Illustrations by Jack Matthew

LOCUST laying her eggs. These are laid in the ground to a depth of five or six inches, and often in hard soil. How so small and frail a creature as a locust can accomplish this is one of the marvels of nature

The Coming Of The Locust

By Harold J. Shepstone

THE conference which has been meeting at Cairo to deal with a possible locust invasion is a graphic reminder of the terrible power of these pests and the necessity of taking measures to prevent the great havoc they are capable of inflicting. A swarm of locusts alighting upon a fertile tract of country will, in the course of a few hours, consume every green thing, and completely ruin and destroy the crops.

Statistics would show that locust invasions are liable to occur every twelve to fifteen years. They have done so from time immemorial, some, of course, more severe than others. They occurred in biblical times, and the old Prophets have given us vivid descriptions of the devastation wrought by these pests.

The locust is the first insect plague recorded in human annals. The last visitation in the Middle East was in 1930. It was particularly severe and the country most directly affected was Palestine. Adjoining territories also suffered—Sinai, Transjordania, and Egypt. It took an army of 75,000 men and boys seven months to fight the plague, and the Palestine Government alone expended a sum of £50,000 on the contest. It will be seen, therefore, that if we were suddenly called upon to grapple with a serious locust plague our war plans could be readily upset. Apart from battling with the pests it may be necessary to feed and succour large populations in the devastated areas.

LOCUSTS devouring all the foliage of an olive tree. When they have finished their meal nothing will remain of the tree except bare twigs and branches

That fight waged by the Agricultural Department of the Palestine Government against the locusts resulted in entomologists learning many new points about this loathsome creature. It is indigenous to Central Arabia, the desert area of the Sudan, and the barren wastes in the highlands of Abyssinia. When the pests increase to such an extent that migration becomes imperative, vast swarms which have been doing no particular damage in the arid wastes of their homeland, take to their wings and seek more fertile regions. Once in the air no one can say where they will alight, for the locust is no respecter of international boundaries. They may travel hundreds of miles before they come down to devour every living green thing in their path. No less than thirty million square miles of territory in Africa and Asia are liable to locust invasion, to say nothing of large tracts in Eastern Europe and Western America.

In 1929 the Kenya Government expended over £80,000 as a result of a visitation of these pests, which destroyed the crops and brought thousands of natives to the verge of starvation. In one region alone 130,000 natives were rendered destitute and had to be fed by the Government for five months.

Locust swarms have been observed at sea 1,200 miles from land. The size of some of these swarms is amazing. One that flew across the Red Sea in 1889 is said to have covered an area of 2,000 square miles. Worse still, there is no warning of their approach. A black cloud suddenly stains the bright horizon, to climb (*Continued on page* 66)

A METHOD of destroying locusts. A trap pit alongside a zinc wall. The pit is lined with sheets of zinc, and once the pests fall into them they are unable to extricate themselves

(Right) Destroying locusts by the aid of flame throwers

Raider's Island

A Brave Deed By One Of The Empire's Dark-Skinned Subjects

By Vince Kelly

THE jungle oozed moist heat. Kendall wiped the sweat from his eyes and cursed New Guinea. He felt that he was entombed for ever under the steaming blanket that lay over the isthmus in January and all through the nor'west season.

Kendall looked at the glistening backs of his boys, plodding ahead of him, and thought again of how he had tried to get out from under the blanket before he had begun this patrol.

Here he was, twenty-five, an Assistant Resident Magistrate of Moburi district. When Calderson was away—and with the R.M.'s last fever bout he'd be away for months more—Kendall would carry out administration in Moburi according to the regulations gazetted by the Executive Council of the Mandated Territory.

What that meant just now was that Kendall would take a patrol twenty miles in from where he had landed it from his Government cutter and instil into the black head of Molikiki, chief of the almost web-footed swamp tribes, that the Administration looked with extreme disfavour on the tribal killings and acts of cannibalism which, undoubtedly, had been going on among Molikiki's people.

That the swamp tribes were dangerous customers was no part of Kendall's grievance. If he'd wanted a soft, safe, nine-to-five job he could easily have had it. He had chosen this. But that was before the war. It was the war which was the hard core of Kendall's discontent.

" It's the war, sir," he had said to old Saunders, the administrator, before he had left Rabaul two weeks ago. " It makes a man feel pretty damned futile to be chasing about up here because one bunch of niggers have taken some heads off another bunch, when, over the other side, the World's Number 1 Savage and his tribe are playing merry hell with London. You don't know how badly I wanted to quit and join the Air Force. I'm certain I could get in as a pilot. Won't you consider my release? "

Old Saunders had said a lot in reply. It began with an injunction not to call the natives " niggers " and ended with a lecture on the importance of the New Guinea administration. Kendall had heard it as one word : " NO ! "

Old Saunders had been cordial enough when he left. They had discussed this present patrol. The administrator had been content with one reminder.

" I don't have to tell you never to split your forces. You know the regulations on that. Au-voir, Kendall. Best of luck."

DALUA, the sergeant of Kendall's police boys, heard it first. He stopped midway across a small clearing; then ran out, away from the big banyan that would block his view. Kendall followed Dalua's upward gaze.

"Air'plin, he come. He come low down. Mebbe, b'long Rabaul," Dalua said.

Now Kendall could hear it. Distinctly now. It was flying low, too. He didn't know what any Rabaul plane would be doing so far down the coast.

Now it was a roar. It would be coming right overhead—and there it was ! Kendall looked hard. Slowly his mouth opened. He backed into the

DALUA, standing on a rock, pushed aside the pandanus and pointed. Kendall was not prepared for all he saw

DALUA was crouched low against the rail, his feet braced, his thick black hands easing the tiller, then bringing it firmly back again

centre of the clearing as he watched it.

High-wing monoplane, single-engined and—floats. . . . Even as he scanned its side as it flashed over, he knew that he would not see there the markings VW-TRA, markings of the only plane in New Guinea with floats on, the oil company's Stinson Reliant. This was no Stinson—then what the hell was it? It had no markings at all. And he had never seen quite that wing shape before. But he had, mooning over the aviation magazines back in his bungalow, seen pictures of a plane like that.

It was—but, no, it couldn't be—a Heinkel fitted with floats. The name drummed inside his head as he watched the plane out of sight—and flying lower still. From up there, Kendall thought, he is looking down on the water now. Looking down? Coming down, he meant. Otherwise why fly so low? As though to confirm his thoughts, the engine throb ceased. This plane, whatever it was, would now be gliding down to the water to alight.

Whatever it was, Kendall was going to find out.

"Dalua, we two-fella go look—see."

As he watched Dalua's face then Kendall had the queer feeling of seeing the regulations—the code to which the Ten Commandments ran only a bad second with Old Saunders—written across the native's eyes. . . .

Beyond the bijugas and the pandanus palms Kendall glimpsed the hazed horizon line of the sea. They would come out on the ridge that overlooked the shore about two miles above the spot where they had left the cutter that morning, Kendall reckoned. Just off-shore should be Jackson Island. They had cut in to the coast in good time, Dalua and he. The rest of the patrol would probably not have made the same distance along the Molikiki track. The others would be walking two hours more before they camped. Kendall rubbed his chin ruefully. Not only had he split the patrol, but he had taken away its sergeant on this wild tangent trip.

Why he had done either of these things he would never be able to explain satisfactorily to Old Saunders. And suppose there was a fight, an ambush scrap, and some of the police boys were killed?

How lame it would sound: "I sent them on ahead, sir, because I wished to lose as little time as possible on the Molikiki job. My idea was to catch them up while they were still camped and push on without further delay." Well, Kendall thought, he'd worry about that when he had to. What he wanted now was another sight of that seaplane.

He got it when Dalua, standing on a rock, pushed aside the pandanus and pointed. Kendall was not prepared for all he saw.

There was the seaplane, resting like a slim, stiff-winged duckling, a few hundred yards off shore from Jackson Island.

What brought the gasp from Kendall was the ship beyond it. A merchantman, it looked. And on its side the Japanese flag painted. Fore and aft were, plainly, guns.

It was some moments before all that he had heard over the radio in Rabaul about camouflaged German raiders started weaving back and forth in Kendall's mind. The news about Nauru, the prisoners landed on Emira out from Kavieng, the part about the Japanese flag. No longer was he in any doubt about the float-plane being a Heinkel.

Kendall made the two jungle miles to where they had left the Government cutter in just under the hour.

Kendall thought it unlikely that the seaplane had spotted his cutter. The mangroves, from which they picked up the dinghy, would have shielded the Boigu pretty well.

It was only fifty yards paddling to where the Boigu lay. They had offered him a lugger, a two-master, but Kendall loved the smaller Boigu. He loved that one mast, which was two feet longer than

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

Dalua did not turn his head as he dropped off and the Boigu swirled by

any cutter's mast should safely be. She had heeled him into the water once, and probably would again, but he'd keep the Boigu. Dalua was already busy with the sails. As Kendall helped him with the mainsail one hand rested on his other wrist and he felt the racing of his pulse.

However you looked at it, the way down to Sabaieng lay past Jackson Island. And Sabaieng was the nearest post with radio.

Kendall would have given something then for a vision showing the whereabouts of the nearest unit of the Royal Australian Navy. He had reason to believe that the vision would not need to extend for more than fifty miles. He hoped, fervently, that he was right in that.

A TEN-KNOT current runs west-east along the New Guinea coast, past Jackson and a dozen other islands. The Boigu had had to buck it and run on the tack against the nor'-west, all the way down. At least, Kendall thought with satisfaction, they would have the current and the wind.

They were coming out now on a starboard tack. From here to Sabaieng was thirty miles. To Jackson Island, that shrubby atoll where the raider and its seaplane lay, a mile and a half by sea. With luck they'd get half-way without being spotted.

"I was just about all in when I made it"

The Boigu bent as the wind took her spread of canvas. The water was kissing in over the gunwale now. Kendall wished they had more loading. He motioned to Dalua at the tiller that he was going below.

"Make plenty close-in, along a shore-side."

Down in the cabin Kendall went over the few things left aboard, the spare stores, the pieces of gear, his couple of books, some papers. He jammed the papers in the back pocket of his shorts, then took them out and tore them in two. He had them in his hand when he went back on deck. Opening his fingers he let them fly with the wind. Kendall didn't look back as the pieces whirled and settled into the sea.

They were half-way now to Jackson Island. The raider was showing clearly in the haze. He kept wondering about the seaplane. He could only hope that the German pilot had gone aboard his ship by now. It was too much to hope that the seaplane would not be fuelled. If the plane got going the only course would be to run the cutter ashore before they were machine-gunned.

If they had to go ashore this far down the coast it would be pretty hopeless. There was the Amba River, ten miles up, between them and Sabaieng. You could swim rivers, yes, but not their estuaries. And you couldn't swim the Amba; it was loaded with crocs. You'd have to make a raft. It would take days to Sabaieng that way. By then the raider could be over in the Hebrides.

THEY were abreast of the raider now and past its seaplane, still immobile on the water Kendall crouched under the boom as the Boigu scudded hard before the wind. His feet were in the water, flushing over the rail as he sat on the sloping deck and focused his glasses.

He could see figures at the top of one of the gangways watching him. A figure moved swiftly away. Kendall guessed he would be an officer going to the for'ard gun.

Kendall wondered if the ship would fire. The Germans would be more likely to rely on armed-pinnace pursuit. Surprise mingled with his gratification that these (*Continued on page* 58)

Answers to distress signals from housewives who are finding that breakdowns in the home and its equipment are throwing them more upon their own resources

When a hole has worn in a prominent part of linoleum covering, cut a piece for a patch from some part of the lino which does not show—say around the edge or underneath a piece of furniture. Match the pattern and fit the patch into the hole, which has first had the edges trimmed. Make a mixture of finely ground corks and liquid glue and pour this into the hole where the piece for the patch was cut away.

Prepare for winter freezes now because plumbers are scarce and the burst-pipe emergency is not far off. Wrap exposed pipes in an overcoat of sacking, if you can get it. If you can't, use several thicknesses of strong paper and bind it in position with string.

Autumn rains and gales sometimes bring a fall of soot down the chimney to the great detriment of carpets. When a carpet has been stained in this way, sprinkle a mixture of common salt and sawdust on the place and brush hard where the stain is. Sweep the mixture off the carpet and repeat the treatment with fresh salt and sawdust until the stain is quite removed.

Leather and hide furniture covering which has grown stained and greasy can be sponged with a mixture of ammonia and vinegar in the proportions of one tablespoonful of ammonia and one teaspoonful of vinegar to a quart of water. After sponging over with the solution, apply castor-oil to the surface and rub well into the leather. Follow this treatment with an application of good white shoe cream to restore the lustre.

If one garment has become stained in the wash by contact with another from which the dye has run, make a mixture of methylated spirit and ammonia and sponge the affected part with it. Fabrics that are suspected of running in the wash should be done as quickly as possible in running lukewarm water with the mildest possible soap.

Country cottages and old houses suffer much in winter from damp floors. Staining is a good protection from damp if the surface is first prepared. Remove old stain with a caustic-soda solution. Apply this on a mop so as not to touch the hands with the fluid, which is highly caustic. Rinse the floor surface thoroughly with clean water and leave to dry. Next, sandpaper thoroughly and afterwards apply a stain containing creosote, which is a wood preservative. Wax polish over the stain when it is thoroughly dry and hard.

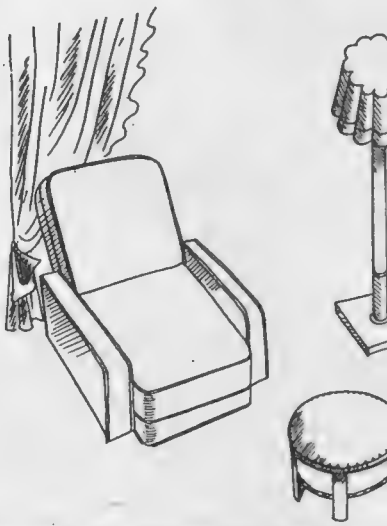
Formality blends with a reassuring homeliness in this room pictured on the right, and these are two features not the easiest to combine.

In this case, the success of the combination has been achieved mainly by the beautifully balanced and intimate disposal of inviting chairs and settee around a friendly fireside. The pine-panelled walls are light, making a splendid foil for the rich hues of oil paintings framed in gilt.

Books lining the corner-shelves break the severity of the background, and lamplight throws a warming tint on upholstery and curtains of wine and blue blended against a fawn carpet.

Inside

Some rooms, like people, have a vital, yet indefinable charm—or so it appears. Actually, the interest of most beautiful rooms, as of an attractive personality, is precisely constructed, though the final



Certain features of this exquisite bedroom scheme are too extreme for general use; at the same time, the ensemble is a practical lesson in the uses of original detail against a background of essential simplicity.

A collection of old Staffordshire dogs is the central theme, and these amusing china figures hold court in a setting designed to give them full importance.

The delicate colouring of the Staffordshire ware permits no liberties of colouring elsewhere, and the whole room is done in soft undertones of brown on a cream base.

A lofty, narrow hall is not the easiest room to endow with character and spaciousness, but it has been done here with assurance and simplicity.

An austere background of cream-painted walls is accentuated by light Oriental rugs and a ruby stair-carpet, making a vital setting for the more romantic note of the table and chest, the Victorian needlework chair and the carefully-selected detail.

A bedroom (extreme right) which proves that glamour can be combined with simplicity.

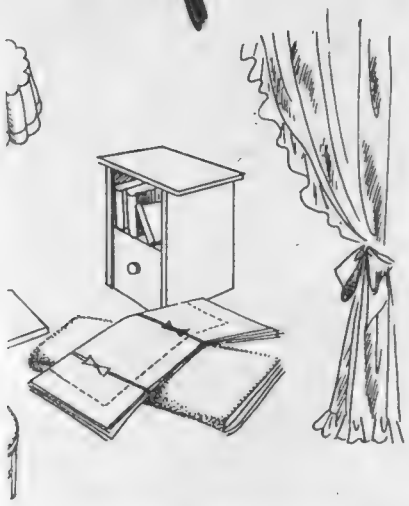
An ornate gilt stool and a chair were repainted cream and covered in rose-pink artificial satin, studded. The dressing-table is an old desk, stripped and painted cream, picked out with gilt. The walls are papered in pastel blue and the ruched bed-cover is of washable ninon.

Here is a sitting-room such as you might find in any ordinary house. It combines simplicity—almost to the point of austerity—with such charming and well-balanced detail that the complete effect is cosy rather than formal.

White plaster walls and a parquet floor give an immaculate background to bright colours which are provided by slip covers in petunia and white linen, dark Oriental rugs and boldly colourful flower arrangements.

The flower painting over the mantel is a focal point, offset by the delicate china figures below and the perfectly-chosen candlesticks which give height and substance to intelligent grouping.

Information



effect may be that of casual charm. Each of the rooms here has a definable personality, the analysis of which may be helpful in the times to come when home and beauty are in our foremost thoughts again.

Fine period furniture gives this dining-room its basic character, but the finished effect is derived from a colour setting which throws the elegance of classic design into relief with the restraint of perfect taste.

The wallpaper has a pale fuchsia background with classic design in white, and is carried up to the cornice. Long, rich folds of purple damask curtain the lofty windows, the chair seats are purple and fawn striped satin, and the fitted carpet is plain fawn.

About Bulbs

Indoor bulbs are specially precious this year because of the flower shortage. A bowl of hyacinths or daffodils will be a comforting sight at the end of a long winter, so get your bulbs soon, because even these are scarce.

The success of indoor bulb-growing depends most of all on giving the plants the right sort of fibre, adequate moisture during their early life and a bowl sufficiently roomy to allow enough mould from which the bulbs can extract their life.

Experts differ in regard to the absolute necessity for keeping bulbs in the dark, but most people find it helpful in the early stages.

Bulb-bowls give chances for original thought. An ordinary pastry-bowl makes a good holder, and even a large earthenware piedish can be used effectively when the real containers cannot be obtained.

About Bulbs

About Bulbs

This Woman Has Something...

Royal and petunia combine colourfully in a soft woollen check shirt waister. The front panel is on the straight, the under-pleats on the bias. The skirt flares a little at the back.

This or similar Spectator Models obtainable from good shops all over the country

So you think when you face her in the bus or pass her on the street. So you would also think if you could see her at her work, at home, on her rare good times. Out of the edited, restricted fashions of to-day, she has arrived, lively, tangible proof that to be a well-dressed woman you do not need a lot of money or a lot of clothes.

Utility has triumphantly proved itself at down-to-earth prices. And while non-Utility is undeniably costly, we buy one outfit where before we had three, so that works out, too.

A lot of clothes, our heroine vows, is out, for ever. Halving a wardrobe halves responsibility. Travelling light was always a good idea, and it need not stop at travelling.

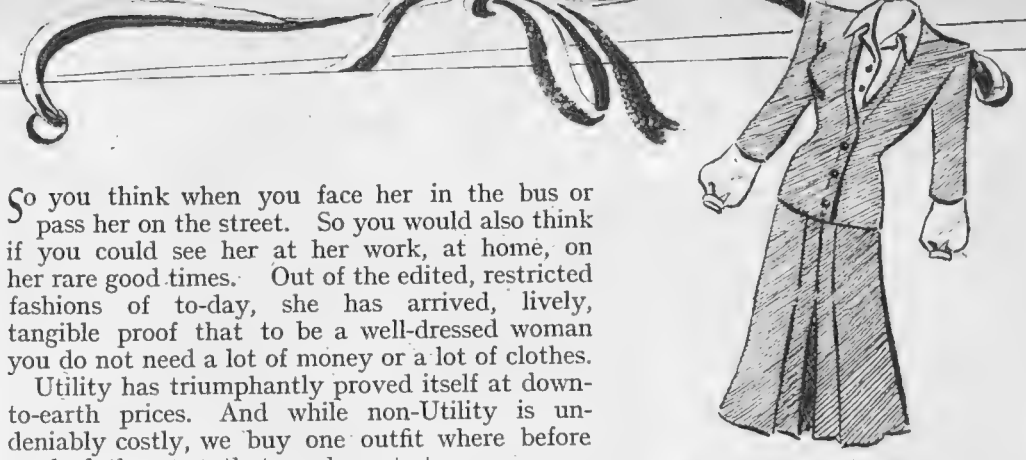
The catch in this set-up is time. You certainly buy less, but you use more hours. Shop-trekking, to get what you want, is tedious and time-stealing, and then you don't get what you want. Never mind, you can shrug shoulders and have the outlet of grousing.

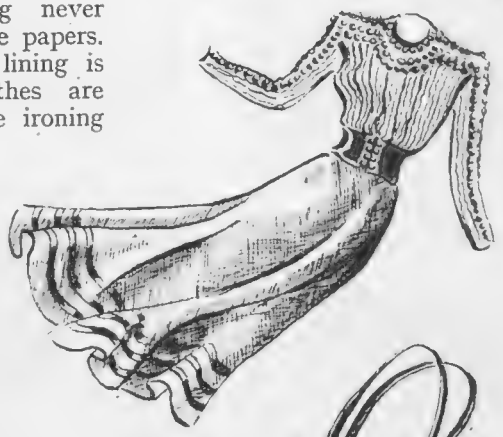
Our well-dressed woman plans, and adheres to, a brief, stern dress code. Personal grooming heads it. No matter what, she is going to march through the rest of this war spick, shining and looking as beautiful as she can. No matter what, hair gets a hundred strokes of the brush daily; eye-bath, face, nails, elbows, rough skin on the feet, the bi-weekly deodorant, receive constant, nagging attention. Her shoes have straight heels—even if it does take three weeks for re-heeling—and her handbag never achieves pregnancy with stacks of passe papers. She carries only necessities, and the lining is cleaned once a week. Outdoor clothes are brushed before hanging away, and the ironing board is in constant use. Well pressed, she believes, is half-way to well dressed.

The 1943 well-dressed woman believes, like a religion, in one really good woollen frock of the sort detailed at the left below. It is wearable ten months out of the English year, is at home everywhere and can be prettied up with a clip, a posy, a white collar, a new belt.

Imaginative resources are drawn upon for renovating, and too much is never attempted. The navy woollen two-piece cardigan suit (top of the page) had nothing wrong except that it bored. Cutting the sleeves off to mid forearm, to show the full sleeves of a vivid contrast blouse, gives it a new look. The evening get-up is contrived from a woollen sweater, on which all-coloured sequins have been lavishly sewed, and a taffeta skirt made from the lining of an old figure-fitting evening coat. Rip one out and see; you will find the shape is there already from the waist down.

For those who contemplate a new tailored suit: Buy a little more material—your tailor will say how much—and have a lumber-jacket made. The gain is one extra outfit.





DRESS: By Jean Burnup
Editor Women's Department

Sigrid

Stockings And Matching Gloves

MATERIALS

9 oz. La Laine 3-ply wool; a set of four No. 13 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

To fit an average hand and foot. The foot, the length of fingers and the length of stockings can be adjusted.

TENSION

9 sts. and 12 rows to 1 in.

THE GLOVES (worked on 2 needles) (1½ oz.).

THE RIGHT HAND

Cast on 52 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1, rib for 2 in. Change to following pattern: **1st row.**—*K. 1, p. 1, k. 1, s. 1, k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from * 3 more times. K to end. **2nd row.**—P. 28* k. 1, p. 3, k. 1, p. 1, repeat from * 3 more times. The 2 rows form pattern for back of hand. Repeat them until there is just under an inch, then increase for thumb as follows:—Rib 24 sts. K. 1, m. 1 st. by working twice into next st. K. 2, work twice into next st. K. to end. **Next row.**—P. the stocking st., and work the other 24 in rib pattern, (work every alternate row in this way). **Next 2 rows.**—Work without increasing. **2nd increasing row.**—Rib 24 sts. K. 1, work twice into next st. K. 4, work twice into next st. K. to end. Work 3 rows without increasing. **3rd increase row.**—Rib 28 sts. K. 1, work twice into next st. K. 6, work twice into next st. K. to end.

Continue in this manner increasing in 2 places on every 4th row, with 2 more sts. between increases on every row, until there are 64 st., ending on a P. row. Work 4 rows without increasing.

Now work thumb as follows: **1st row.**—Rib 24 sts. K. 16. Turn. P. 14, turn, cast on 4 st. Work on these 18 sts. in stocking st. for 20 rows. Now decrease as follows: * K. 1, k. 2 tog., repeat from * to end of row. **Next row** P.

Next row.—* K. 2 tog., repeat from * to end, ending K. 1. Fasten off. Pick up 3 st. from the 4 cast on for thumb, and work on these and other 46, keeping pattern, for 1¾ in. Now with right side facing, work first finger as follows: Rib. 24 sts. K. 8, turn, p. 16 sts., turn, cast on 1 st., work stocking st. on these 18 sts. for 28 rows. Finish top as thumb.

2nd Finger.—Pick up 1 st. that was cast on for first finger. With right side facing

(Continued on p. 64)

ABBREVIATIONS
K. = knit; p. = purl; m. = make; s. = slip; st. = stitch or stitches; tog. = together; beg. = beginning.

Twin Set, Spotted

MATERIALS

7 oz. La Laine 3-ply ember rust; 6 oz. ripple blue; No. 10 needles; 3 buttons for Jersey; 8 for Cardigan.

MEASUREMENTS

Cardigan.—Round bust, 35 in.; sleeve seam, 18 in.; length, 21 in. **Jersey.**—Round bust, 34 in.; sleeve seam, 4 in.; length, 20 in.

TENSION

7 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in.

THE CARDIGAN

BACK

Cast on 98 sts. with rust. Work k. 1, p. 1, rib for 3 in. Change to stocking st. and work an inch. Now m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 124 sts. Work straight until side seams are 15 in. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 90 sts. Work straight until armholes are 8 in. round curve. Cast off 9 sts. at beg. of every row 6 times, leaving 36 sts. Cast off.

THE LEFT FRONT

Cast on 54 sts. in rust. Work k. 1, p. 1, rib for 3 in. Change to stocking st. for first 46 sts. and work the rib on last 8 sts. for an inch. Now m. 1 st. at side seam edge (opposite edge to rib border) on every 4th row until there are 67 sts. Work straight until side seams are 13 in. K. 2 tog. on 2 sts. inside the rib border on every 4th row for 2 in. (side seam is now 15 in.). Continue decreasing inside border on every 4th row until further notice, and k. 2 tog. at armhole edge on every row for 17 rows. Now keep armhole edge straight until there are 35 sts. Work a few rows straight to make armhole 8 in. round curve. Cast off 9 sts. at armhole edge on every other row, leaving rib st. Work 2½ in. on

(Continued on p. 64)

PRIORITY

You're tired, busy, you have two or three minutes to spare—what can you do about beauty? Well, there are certain priority beauty routines that tackle the physical feature which, if neglected, will really spoil your appearance. A large-hipped lady may have a petal skin, but if her beauty minutes do not include a rein on that hip-line she will never look really presentable. You may be able to do all the routines or only a few. Look yourself over and choose. Some can be done two or three times a week, some daily.

GENERAL.

Hair. Brush, massage the scalp, brush, comb, and then—if you have an extra five minutes—set. Too many women with five or ten minutes for their hair spend the whole time setting it. If you have no time to brush and set your hair, then let it grow or get it cut into a style that needs little setting. The beauty and health of your hair depend on brushing and scalp massaging.

Eyes. Bathe with a good eye-lotion. Eyes get dusty, grimy and need cleaning and refreshing—a tired eye becomes lined. Brush lashes with vaseline.

Hands. Hand cream or some nourishing lubricant is the most essential care; get some by hook or crook and use it every night if possible, inside mitts if possible. For the rest—a good soap

HEALTH AND BEAUTY BY

MOST women look upon fasting as a figure or beauty treatment, but its true virtue is as a health measure. Certainly it will clear away surplus fatty tissues, but it is the clearing of the surplus toxins that is most important.

The food you eat, even in wartime, as well as supplying the needed mineral salts, proteins, fats, vitamins, and so on, deposits a lot of acid waste matter that must be removed by the blood-stream, bowels and pores. These toxin-clearing processes are continually taking place, but with equal regularity you add to the supply of toxins they must deal with.

Fast Work

Fasting is an excellent means of cutting off this supply of toxins at the source and letting your body get thoroughly cleansed. Many of the human body's ills are caused by toxins, and if recognised in their early stages they can easily be checked by a short fast.

Fasting can be prolonged, but this must be under specialised supervision. It is more usual to have a two- to three-day fast, or even a twenty-four-hour fast.

Start your fast by taking a glass of water on rising, and from then until the evening take either cold water or vegetable or fruit juices every two hours or so.

It is not wise to be too active during your first fast: in fact, if you can have a day in bed, so much the better for your beauty, as it rests nerves and removes lines. But if you have to continue on your daily round, do so quietly.

If you get signs of a headache, take a glass or so of hot water, but do not take any drugs. You will most likely start the first day with a bowel action, which would normally be lacking on the second fast day owing to the reduced intake of food. It is essential that the bowel action be kept regular, however; if not, the poisons that should be leaving the body will return and be re-absorbed.

As the taking of aperients is not wise when the stomach is empty, you should move the bowels with an enema or gravity douche so that the last remnants of the poisons are removed. Do this every day of the fast, and even after the fast, until you get a normal and regular action, which may mean until you are right back on a good, healthy, full diet.

After one day, it is not necessary to break the fast slowly, but after two or three days you should definitely have as much milk as possible the first day—in pre-war times one would have had about four pints a day—sipped slowly at intervals of about two hours. Nowadays you will have to eke out the milk with water.

That is on the first post-fast day. The second day should be a normal salad and fruit and vegetable diet—an apple or so for breakfast, chewed thoroughly, toast and butter and weak tea. Lunch should be a really fine vegetable salad, with raw, grated vegetables, greens and tomatoes, buttered toast and an apple or stewed prunes. In the evening, you can have a normal cooked meal, with accent on the vegetables, followed by stewed prunes, apples or whatever fortune may offer.

Keep to this for another day and then, without taking too many starches and sugars, get back to your normal diet.

It is easy to see that a fast would be even more difficult in the winter or spring months, but in late and mid-summer, when tomatoes and vegetables and such fruits as one is fortunate enough to get are in season, it is more practicable.

A twenty-four-hour fast is reasonable at all times, because water can be the sole intake for that period.

Any body disorder that is caused by the action of the body's toxins will be greatly helped by a fast: headaches, biliousness, indigestion, acidity, rheumatism, are just a few. All blood disorders will be assisted by a thorough cleansing of the blood-stream such as a fast effects.

Before you start a fast régime of more than one day, however, you should have your doctor's approval of your project. He alone knows whether your system is able to adapt itself readily to the fast. Age, the nature of your disorders, your heart and the general state of your body are all things that must be taken into consideration.

scrubbing to remove all work grime is all that matters.

Nails. Nailbrush those finger-nails gently for circulation, making sure you don't tear cuticles; press down those cuticles as you dry your hands, and some nights press them down with vaseline and work vaseline under the nail-tips.

Neck. Whatever treatment you give your face, extend it to your neck. Your neck is your unbagged cat as far as age is concerned. Every neck over thirty years old should have a few minutes' neck-swivelling exercise every day to tone the muscles and circulation and keep it firm, white and young.

Figure. Even the best figure needs bracing daily. Stretch and work the body into a good posture before you start the day, the lunch-hour walk, homeward journey or evening outing. Stretch, touch your toes, swing to the left, the right and stretch again, then—into the correct posture—shoulders back and down, head back with ears over shoulders and chin in, bust held high, waist stretched, holding chest up from hips, legs straight, tail tucked in like mongrel pup and pelvis tilted forward.

INDIVIDUAL.

Greasy Skin. The first essential is cleansing. Use a lotion or thin cream to remove all make-up and grime before going to bed. Then, if you cannot get an astringent or skin tonic, use hot and cold splashes alternated to tone and additionally cleanse the skin. Remove all pore secretions after the hot wash, then dab the places with an antiseptic, such as T.C.P. You needn't worry too much if your skinfood supply is short.

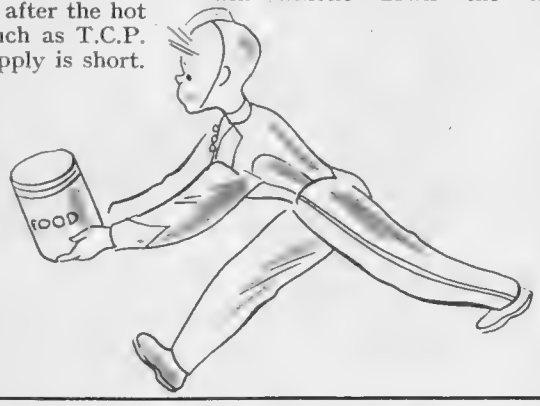
Dry Skin. Cleanse quickly, because all skins must be cleansed at night; and then—massage in your skinfood. Skinfood every night if possible. Use a cream as a cleanser, too. Don't fuss about astringents, but use a warm and cool splash to tone the skin—keep off extreme temperatures if your cheeks sport any signs of red veins. If they don't, then you can use hot and cold.

Normal Skin. Cleanse every night. Skinfood now and then, according to weather, age and skin condition. You can use tonics or hot and cold stimulants and always finish off with a good dousing in cold water.

Double Chins. Exercise your chin every day to strengthen those muscles — digging and hoeing are winners, because of the unconscious Hulbert thrust of chin in the action. Massage the extra one away with cleansing cream or talc powder—alternate hands—left hand (with first finger on top of chin and rest beneath) starting on the right side, passing over chin and up to left ear-line. Right hand starting on left side and passing up to right ear-line. Pat hard.

Waist. A thickening waist is the seven deadly signs of old age rolled into one, so bend and twist and exercise; pummel and pinch. Pummel and pinch in the bath, in bed, while waiting for breakfast or the egg to boil. Look to posture, too, and hold that waistline stretched.

Hips. Roll. On to the floor with you; only will-power can save your silhouette. Fold arms over breast, lie straight on back and, keeping legs extended, roll over on to stomach, back on to first position, and over on to stomach, reversing direction. Rolling from side to side on to your stomach will whittle down the hip-line. If you want more specialised exercises, send to us for them.

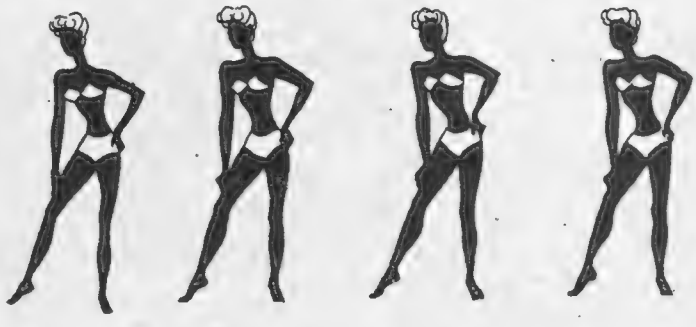


Stomach. After thirty-five a stomach can be a *very* common figure-fault. Eat moderately; pinch the layer of fat between fingers and thumbs; do one or two special exercises each day and brace those muscles.

Cycling is good. So are all work or play movements that tense those stomach muscles. You can feel them tensing as you bend, for instance. Just try.

CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1



De-Tanning

An early summer started that sun-tan off with a gallop, and maybe an early winter will help you to get it off again, but not, we hope, at a gallop. Sun-tanning is excellent for your health and looks fine while it lasts, but it is not good for the over-thirty skins, and sudden bleaching back to your winter shade is even worse.

It is particularly bad this year when those nourishing creams and lotions that you should have used during tanning were unobtainable. You must take your tan off gently and slowly this year and you must—unless of a greasy, skin type—apply skinfood at least every other night until the dried and weathered skin is back to soft luminosity.

If you are lucky, you will have some mildly bleaching cream from a reputed maker in your beauty chest; but if not, do not be despaired into buying up some unnamed bleaching cream or mask. Use your skinfood to soften the skin, and on the alternate nights go to your vegetable cupboard. Certain vegetables will help to bring back that soft white glow. A very little raw potato juice or tomato juice can both be advantageously applied. If you can possibly get any horse-radish, you can make a stronger bleach by grating some of it into sour milk and leaving for a few hours. Apply and leave on night and morning. This will even help freckles to go.

AUTUMN FOCUS

This is the right time to focus attention on winter, to plan a comfort campaign and by-pass those mistakes which have made previous wartime winters comfortless.

Start overhauling last winter's wardrobe in good time, so that cleaning and renovating "musts" can be well in hand before cold-weather clothes come into regular use. New trims for last year's hats, turning last season's coats and unravelling old sweaters to make new ones, take time and careful planning if everything is to match up

Fuel foods keep you warm

Make a study of diet principles for winter, remembering that food is the body's fuel, and there isn't going to be much of other sorts of fuel to keep us warm

Fuel foods include fats and oils, potatoes, cereals, bread and sugar. Deficiencies of animal fat in the wartime diet can be supplemented with cod-liver oil or halibut-liver oil. Potatoes can be served in many new and interesting forms, so begin a collection of these recipes and let potatoes take the place of bread whenever possible

Get the winter shoe situation under control as soon as you can. The sort of shoes we were used to are getting scarcer. Coupons — well, we need not bring that up: the point is, we have to bring out last year's titivated shoes, and look as if we like it. Stick-on rubber soles, when you can get them, are good for keeping out the wet. Suede uppers that are badly spotted and shiny can be scrubbed with soap and water and a nail-brush, left to dry and then treated with suede restorer and a rubber brush

Get the shoe situation in hand

While your planning mood is on, brush up on those good conduct resolutions about savings, salvage, and fuel economy, about not travelling unless you must, taking 5-in. baths, and so on. In fact, have everything braced to make this coming one your war winter of the greatest efficiency and greatest effort. May it be the last of its kind

Start giving the house some "stiffening" for winter, too. Check up on the black-outs, which always get jaded in the summer months. Switch the furniture around and make the fireside the focal point. Inspect light bulbs, because worn ones use far more current than they should, and it pays to renew them before they begin visibly to fade

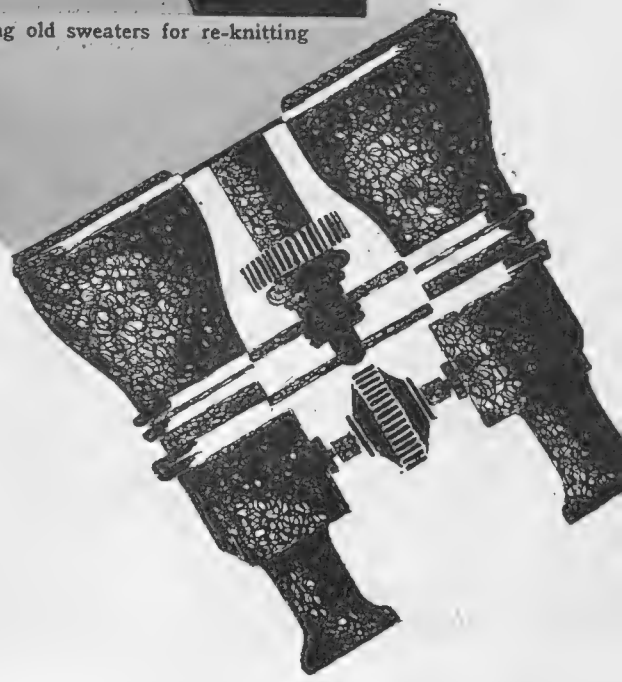
While the autumn gales are blowing, collect as much dry wood as possible. Bring it into a cellar or outhouse and arm yourself against the wood shortage that is bound to give trouble later. Dried autumn leaves, bracken and fir-cones stored in a dry place make a wonderful substitute for paper when lighting fires

Start unravelling old sweaters for re-knitting

Visit your friends with good gardens and beg a store of unusual herbs to keep in the larder. These make interesting flavourings for winter soups, which get monotonous, however good

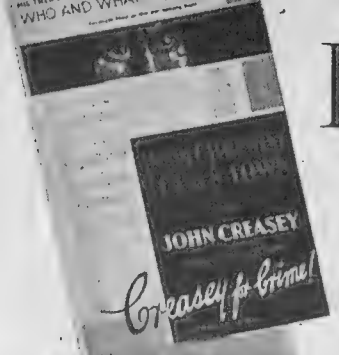
Make plans to spend your leisure as profitably as possible this coming winter. Hard work and cold weather make it imperative to get all the relaxation and stimulus that is going

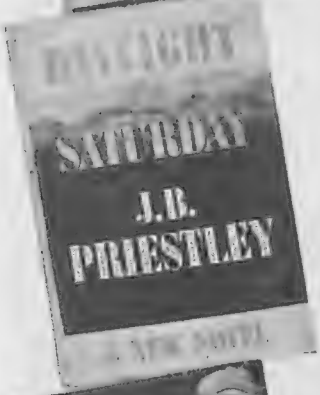
Playtime is too important these days to be frittered. Make an effort to do one of those things you have always wanted to do and never have done yet. Perhaps it is learning to play some instrument, taking French lessons, joining a bridge club or going to some good concerts. A plan worth considering is a Sewing Circle. Get together with several women friends and form a circle to meet regularly and to assist each other in dress-making and renovating tasks. It works out well for everybody because the pooled knowledge of half-a-dozen women means help for everybody



BOOKS:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen



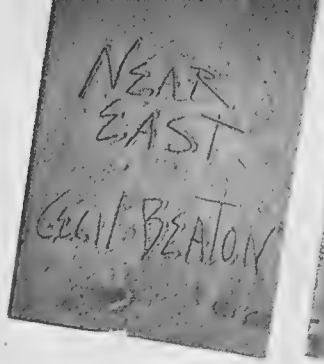


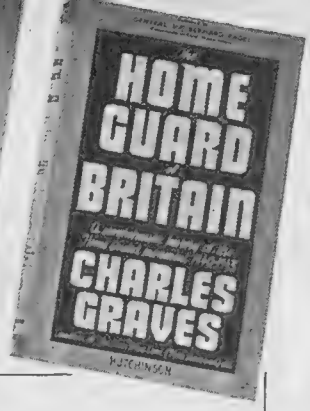
NO one in Cairo, Mr. Cecil Beaton implies, will ever need the Kipling epitaph: "Here lies the fool who tried to hustle the East." He found the atmosphere of G.H.Q. not at all bracing—rather "like a reunion dinner of old schoolboys"—and decided that no war leader should be encouraged to remain there for long, for Blimpism, plus the Cairene climate, were two of Hitler's strongest weapons. He was impressed, though, with the drive in the forward areas, even if it was in reverse at the time, and falling back on Alamein; also with people like Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Tedder and that lanky Scot Guardee, David Sterling, who, as commando chief, dropped 100 miles behind enemy lines, wrecked more than 100 aircraft by placing delayed fire bombs on their wings, and once bluffed his way into the main hanger at Benina airfield and spoiled fourteen aero-engines in exploits worthy of the *Boy's Own Annual*. Mr. Beaton was on a photographic hop for the Air Ministry to West Africa, Egypt, the Western Desert, Palestine, Syria, Iran, Iraq, Portugal. In "Near East" (Batsford, 12s. 6d.) is a generous selection of his camera shots, together with frank, fresh, individual impressions of people and places—a most handsome souvenir to keep for *his* return from those sunny, warring regions.

HAS man been morally reformed by the shock of war, lived down his traditional hatreds and narrow nationalism? Dr. J. van den Tempel, Minister of Social Affairs in the Netherlands Government in London, former Trade Union leader and Dutch M.P., thinks we must not rely too much on that. "Keep the Lamps Burning" (Hale, 10s. 6d.) is his blueprint of a better post-war world in which a real democracy will combine with a directive authority giving scope for pioneers and creative thinkers, and privately owned, freely conducted capitalist enterprise has been superseded. He believes that among the masses there is a passionate desire for a social renaissance, especially in the smothered souls of the subjected peoples, and this will reshape social, political, and economic conditions. Last time it was the Home Fires; now—significantly, in a blackout world—it is the Lamps. Dr. van den Tempel's shed a hopeful ray on the future.

HAVE you wondered—if you are not in one—what kind of life goes on in a big aircraft factory where, under the greenish mercury-vapour lamps, "three in the morning and three in the afternoon look just the same"? Mr. J. B. Priestley's good companions are war workers in overalls in "Daylight on Saturday" (Heinemann, 9s. 6d.). But not all are good. Works superintendent Bob Elrick, for instance, says of his absentees: "By Thursday they've earned more than they've ever seen before—so they knock off and go and see their old Aunt Kate or have a shampoo or stay in bed an' scratch themselves. An' we're supposed to be fighting for our lives." And he doesn't like general manager Blandford, who regards people as machines, nor the boss's secretary, Miss Barrows of the long sad nose, who has "slowly ploughed her way across the world's great literature as if it were an enormous heavy clay field." As for the factory itself: "Something between a dance hall, a chapel bazaar, a glorified café, and the Y.M.C.A., plus a lot of electric power and half a million quids' worth of machine tools, and they were turning out planes as if they were mousetraps." Truly a wonder world, with its loves, rivalries, production problems, its dramas and comedies, its singing girls and blitzed martyrs with memories of lost wife and kiddies. Mr. Priestley makes it all alive and vibrate in a forceful novel, one of the war's most vivid "documentaries."

TAKE a serious, learned, mammalist and anthropologist who moons about studying the yellow-whiskered talapoin and 499 other varieties of monkey; dump him in an old house in hard-headed, money-bugged Philadelphia because it is a condition of a rich legacy that he shall live there nine months of the year; submit him to the charms of people like Dea the dancer, and Mavis the artist, the wiles of a solicitor who cheats him and has a communist daughter—and what kind of a story do we get? A most brilliant one of diverting reactions in Mr. Struthers Burt's "Along These Streets" (Rich & Cowan, 10s. 6d.). (*Continued on page* 62)





Home Guard Parade

IN March, 1940, Lady Helena Gleichen informed the K.S.L.I. Battalion H.Q. at Ross-on-Wye that she had organised eighty of her staff and tenantry at Much Marcle into bands of paratroop watchers. They went on duty each night wearing a white armband stencilled "Much Marcle Watchers." They needed rifles, ammunition, and a "couple of machine guns if you have any." Thus, two months before the L.D.V. was born, Britain had its first Home Guard.

The miracle of its subsequent growth into "the most fantastic force ever raised" is chronicled by Mr. Charles Graves, himself an H.G. sergeant-instructor, in **"The Home Guard of Britain"** (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). No country in the world, he believes, could have provided so many men able to maintain so much enthusiasm over so long a period of relative inaction. But for the H.G. we should almost certainly have been invaded; it would have been impossible to envisage the invasion of the Continent. "Two million men, fully armed and trained, knowing every inch of their district, able to use weapons ranging from the bayonet to the 3.7, well led and in good heart, form a sure guarantee of victory."

Mr. Graves's documentary industry is prodigious. He seems to have explored even the remotest corners of his subject, besides assembling local histories from all the Territorial Army Associations. His narrative marches with a swing, and I doubt if any record can ever surpass the splendour of this mass parade.

(Below) A street looking towards the stables of the Manor House, showing a pair of reconditioned buttressed Jacobean cottages

An English Village

When Mrs. Anthony Gillson restored her house at Cornwell in the Cotswolds a few years ago she also completely reconditioned the seventeenth-century hamlet alongside. A model village resulted and instead of a rural slum Cornwell in the Cotswolds now has up-to-date equipment, electricity, running water and modern drainage. The architect was Mr. Clough Williams Ellis, F.R.I.B.A., who is well known for his work at Portmerion, North Wales. Cornwell, near Chasleton, in the district between Stow-on-the-Wold and Chipping Norton, should be visited by all who can see it, for here is a praiseworthy example of the care a generous owner can endow, village amenities and a glimpse of the things to come that are possible in the post-war era

A view of the south front of the house at Cornwell in the Cotswolds which Mrs. Anthony Gillson restored a few years ago and around which the little hamlet flourishes

The tiny village shop which adjoins the Village Hall

(Left)
A general view of the village and its winding street, showing the children's playground, village shop and Village Hall

On Duty—and Off

WITH thirty-six coupons as our fashion ceiling we must be shabby, let's face it. But for goodness' sake let us be shabby in a gay, light-hearted fashion. It is silly to give up trying just because you can no longer buy as much as you want. There are lots of ways of being shabby, such as the down-at-heel, out-at-elbow, shiny-seat shabbiness, the genteel, neatly-darned, no-pretence-at-fashion variety, and then there is what you might call the "Mr. Dalton" shabbiness, which is all too obviously due to coupon shortage.

Consider the nightie problem. There is really no need to sleep in the altogether merely because all your nighties have worn out at the same time. You will find that it is usually only one section of the skirt part which has worn beyond darning. A patch is useless as it merely tears the surrounding material. But two worn-out nighties will almost certainly make one fit for service, and if they are of different colours so much the better—quarter them up like a jockey's silks. You can make yourself a new lace top without benefit of coupons, so there is no difficulty about that.

Smooth over with the hands when the liquid is about to dry

Patch your panties and your cami-knickers and make the patches contrast gaily by using the flowered or patterned crêpes and silks of worn-out undies.

AMERICA'S fashion fads and fancies can be useful coupon savers. Nothing could be more cosy this autumn than the evening sweater. Pick out an old jumper that is worn or shabby. If it is faded, have it dyed a deep bright colour or black. Embroider flowers on it with bright-coloured silks; stitch your name across in sequins; bind the neck with tinsel ribbon; make a heart-shaped pocket in tinsels, bright-coloured velvet or what-have-you and run an embroidered arrow through; dress it up in any fancy fashion you like and wear it with an evening skirt or evening slacks if you possess any.

In New York they are lining their evening shoes with faille to keep their bare toes smooth and friction free. Well, we can't do that here, but all of us have a few cuttings of silk which can be made into foot slip-ons. All you need is a little sole of silk with toe-caps and a tiny heel piece. A beauty tip from the U.S.A. which is worth remembering is being introduced by a New York hair stylist. He creams the customer's face before he puts her head under the drier.

There are very few women who are going to spend their off-duty coupons on on-duty stockings. I have found a nice liquid leg stain in two shades, beige and tan. You apply with a piece of flannel, starting near the knee and working down in long even strokes. Smooth over with the hands when the liquid is about to dry. A good tip with most of these liquid stockings is to dilute them down with a little water.

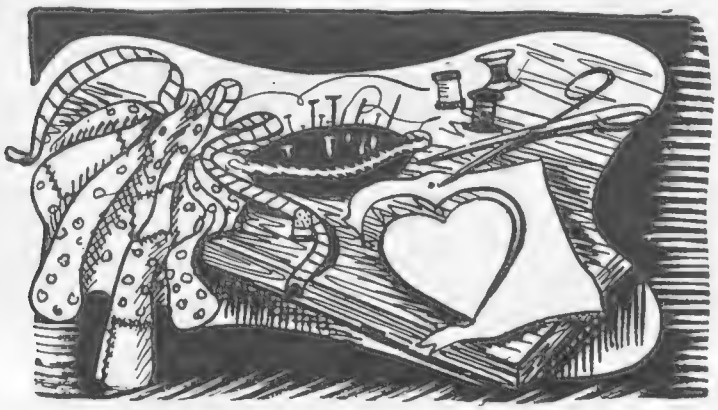
"People are getting so temperamental," I heard a woman complaining the other day. When you come to think of it, there is something in what she said. The most even-tempered staff nurse will suddenly become stiff and starchy with all the junior probationers for no apparent reason. Last week, at our war nursery, we sat down to second tea in the friendliest spirit possible, yet within ten minutes we were fighting over the post-war fate of Hitler and Mussolini. Later on in the week I was discussing life in general with a hospital dispenser, and after we had grumbled at this and that, I remarked: "Well, anyway, the news is grand to-day." "You don't look as if you really meant it. You look as if you just didn't care," she said accusingly. I did mean it and I did care; it was only that I was just so damned tired that I had forgotten to put on the appropriate bright expression, all of which goes to show one needs to watch oneself and other people in order to avoid snags and snitchiness.

Jane Gordon

NOT long ago I watched a friend of ours cleaning his Sam Browne belt, and this is how he did it. He mixed a few drops of methylated spirit with a few drops of water, and he had in front of him Propert's red mahogany polish and Kiwi dark tan polish. He damped a cloth with the methylated mixture and took the smallest dab of each polish. He then rubbed this into the belt in little circles, very sparingly and very evenly, until he got a thin layer over the whole of the belt. Next, he took a clean yellow duster and polished the belt thoroughly and very firmly. The trick is to use so little polish that the clean yellow duster is not left sticky even after hard rubbing. When this was done, he took another rag and polished up all the little brass bits and pieces.

By this time the belt was so shiny that I thought the whole job was finished. But not a bit of it. The yellow duster was then folded until it made a good pad. He took the methylated spirit bottle, held the palm of his hand over the top, and gave it a smart shake to leave a few drops on the palm of his hand. Then he rubbed the yellow duster pad across the palm of his hand and, with the suspicion of methylated now on the pad, he gave the belt a last finishing polish. This method gives the finest possible gloss by hardening the wax in the original mixture. If too much methylated is used, the wax is flaked off.

By the time he had finished with the belt it literally shone so that you could see your face in it. I asked why he had not used an ordinary brush for polishing, and he told me that this would scratch the surface of the leather. He said that even for shoes, he only used brushes for brogueing. He showed me an old Sam Browne belt waiting to be stripped, as it had been polished badly and the leather looked a bit caked and dull. This stripping is done with petrol, and I am told it is very difficult to do properly. I asked him about saddle soap, and was told that this was only used when the leather was new (you use it at the back of the belt to make the leather soft and pliable); that it is extremely difficult (*Continued on page* 56)



Make the patches contrast gaily

When finished the belt literally shone

These are the women who are helping to solve the problems of feeding and maintaining in good health this nation at war

WOMEN IN

This is a very delicate instrument called a spectrophotometer, which is used to assay many chemical substances. The woman who is using it is an assistant chemist engaged on very delicate assay work in one of the great Research Laboratories

THINGS go on in this war that very few of us know about, or ever will. Sometimes we are deliberately kept in ignorance for reasons of public security, more often we are out of touch with facts which actually concern us very closely because of the habit, which afflicts us all, of taking good things for granted.

Nothing has been accepted more casually by the public in nearly four years of war than the fact that a whole nation has been maintained in food and health (better health in fact than formerly) under conditions of difficulty which have never been surpassed.

We know, of course, and appreciate the incalculable service which has been rendered by the Navy and the Merchant Navy and all the transport and agricultural workers who have made eating possible. What few people realise, however, is that this great work would in itself be incomplete without the work of scientific research which has all the time continued behind the scenes. The object of this research has been to establish right principles of diet for a nation under arms and to experiment in the manufacture of chemical substitutes for certain essential food values not always now available.

Another fact, not very widely known at present, is that women are playing a great and successful part in this dramatic work of scientific research, and that the health and well-being of the nation is attributable, to an important extent, upon the skill and perseverance of these women in white.

One highly important phase of their work is the research into vitamins and the synthetising of these mysterious substances which have proved themselves such an indispensable part of human diet.

What are vitamins? Familiar as we are with the term,

A general view of the Biochemical Department in the same laboratory. Here vitamins are assayed biologically by women chemists whose work of scientific research is contributing more and more to the health of the nation in wartime

The result of experiments in the nutritional value of certain chemical substances, including vitamins, is arrived at through the assistance of the white mouse. Many hundreds of these rodents are employed in the Research Laboratories

very few have any clear idea as to whether they are animal, vegetable, or mineral, though the term has become a commonplace in our vocabularies, and the necessity of the vitamin is as commonly accepted as that of food itself.

Vitamins are still partly a mystery, but one thing is certain. They are not a food, but only an accessory of food. They provide no energies, calories, or tissue-building materials, though they do, in a miraculous way, enhance the function of the foods which provide these essentials. That is why the more commonly known vitamins are being manufactured chemically in our great laboratories, and incorporated scientifically in the daily diet of the nation.

Vitamins are commonly used now in food processing for the enrichment of bread, margarine, and the orange juice which is playing such a part in maintaining the health of our children. Women chemists are responsible, too, for the intricate work of assaying the complex chemical substances which, together, form the different vitamins.

To give some idea of the complicated nature of the research into vitamins you must know that the original number first known was four. These were A, B, C and D. This list has now been extended to thirteen and the end is not yet because more are suspected and may be included in the accepted list at any time.

One effect of the mass production of synthetic vitamins has been to reduce their cost to an astonishing degree. They are now being made in bulk at an economic cost but the demands upon our resources in wartime are so great that supplies to the public are not readily available, nor is it necessary that they should be since the habit of casually taking vitamins out of a bottle and without any relation to medical need or advice is of little value except as a possible pleasure to the confirmed pill taker.

This then is one important phase of the work of the woman chemist in wartime. The research, the manufacture and the packing of vitamins is constantly carried on by women qualified

When the work of manufacturing synthetic vitamins is complete, they have to be most carefully packed. The woman in the picture is sealing a container in which vitamin D is stored in an atmosphere of nitrogen

in varying degrees according to the nature of the work upon which they are engaged.

Other vital phases of their work consist in experimenting with and manufacturing the substances for drugs, many of which have done such great work of relief in this war by combating the tropical diseases to which our fighting men in the East have been exposed.

Antiseptics provide another great field of experiment and achievement. There has been need among the fighting units for antiseptics which can be rapidly applied to open wounds before further treatment is available. New ones are constantly being tried, not always successfully, but with that dogged persistence which is the outstanding virtue of the research chemist.

Even very young women are employed in the preliminary work of the research laboratory. Girls of eighteen to twenty-one are employed as junior assistant chemists to the qualified women chemists in the Glaxo Laboratory which has been so active in the field of research since the war. In addition to a forty-six hour week of routine work these eager young women are studying at evening classes and at week-ends to become qualified members of that rapidly growing community of women chemists and scientists whose inspiration springs from the greatest scientist of all, Madame Curie.

Winifred Lewis

The orange juice which is provided by the Ministry of Health for the children of the nation has a standardised vitamin C content. Much of this work of standardisation is done in the Research Laboratories where this woman chemist is at work

A colony of mice is maintained in the Glaxo Research Laboratories for purposes of experimentation in nutritional research. This is a general view of the colony showing two of the attendants who are responsible for the care of the mice

It's In The

They used to say a women could cook and make porridge. To these we must be able to make dried egg boot leather. No other wartime food

PICNIC EGGS

THIS is the right way with dried eggs :—

(1) Prepare the mixture just before it is required.

(2) Mix the powder (for a rich, creamy scramble) with 1½ tablespoonfuls water and 1 tablespoonful milk, or household milk, to each level tablespoonful of dried egg powder.

(3) Add liquid slowly to powder, as when mixing flour; stir thoroughly with a wooden spoon, leaving no lumps. Whisk well with a fork.

(4) Cook the scramble fairly quickly, unlike the slow scrambling which is best for shell eggs.

When the eggs are not to be scrambled and you mix with water only, as per directions on the packet, instruction No. 3 above remains vitally important. So does No. 1. *Never* leave the mixed egg standing around longer than the couple of hours or so needed for a batter to " rest."

Health experts say that these dried eggs lose none of their food value in the wonderful superhet pulverising process they undergo in Canada and America.

PICNIC EGGS

4 dried eggs (reconstituted) ; 1 lb. mashed potato ; 3 rashers bacon (finely chopped) ; 2 oz. chopped onion or leek ; 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley ; ½ teaspoonful mixed herbs ; salt and pepper.

Pastry : 12 oz. flour ; 4 oz. fat ; 2 oz. grated cheese ; 2 level teaspoonfuls baking-powder ; water to mix ; salt.

Reconstitute the eggs, using one tablespoonful more water than usual. Put into small greased moulds or eggcups, and steam until set (about 10 minutes). Cool and unmould. Mix potato, bacon, onion, herbs and seasoning and divide into as many portions as you have " eggs."

Spread on a board, put an " egg " in each portion, and mould the mixture round it.

Make the pastry by rubbing fat into flour, adding cheese, baking-powder and salt, and mixing to a stiff dough with a little water. Divide pastry according to the number of eggs and roll out each piece thinly to an oblong shape. Put one of the moulded eggs on each piece, moisten the edges, and fold over, keeping an egg shape. Brush over with milk and bake for 30 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve cold with salad.

HOT BACON AND EGG SALAD

2 eggs (reconstituted) ; ½ small cabbage ; ½ oz. margarine ; ¾ oz. flour ; ½ pint vegetable water ; 2 teaspoonfuls sugar ; 1 teaspoonful made mustard ; 1 lb. potatoes (cooked and sliced) ; 2 or 3 carrots (cooked and sliced), 1 lb. cooked runner beans; 4 rashers bacon (cooked and chopped); 1 onion or clove of garlic (grated) ; vinegar to taste ; pepper and salt.

As in the recipe for Picnic Eggs, reconstitute the eggs with an extra tablespoonful of water, and steam till set in moulds or eggcups. Cool and cut in slices.

Shred the cabbage finely, put in a bowl and pour boiling water over. Leave for a minute or two, then strain.

Make a sauce with the margarine, flour and vegetable water. Add sugar, mustard, vinegar, salt and pepper.

Put a layer of the blanched cabbage at the bottom of a casserole. Add the other vegetables in layers with the rest of the cabbage.

FRUIT FOOL

Sprinkle the layers with the bacon and onion and the sliced egg. Finish up with a layer of potatoes on top. Pour the sauce over, and put in the oven to reheat (about 15 minutes). If possible, cover the dish while this is being done. Scatter chopped parsley over before serving.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

½ pint white sauce ; 4 peppercorns ; 3 tablespoonfuls vinegar ; 2 eggs (reconstituted) ; pepper and salt.

Add the peppercorns to the sauce before cooking, and when cooked remove them and stir in the egg mixture slowly. Add the seasonings and reheat, stirring constantly.

September Preserves

PICCALILLI

1 cauliflower ; 2 cucumbers ; 1 lb. onions or shallots ; 1 lb. green tomatoes ; 1 medium marrow ; 1 quart vinegar ; 1 oz. mustard powder ; ½ lb. sugar; ½ oz. turmeric; 12 peppercorns; salt.

Clean and cut up the vegetables and put in a basin overnight with salt between the layers. In the morning drain off the moisture. Stir the sugar, turmeric and mustard into the vinegar, add the peppercorns and boil. Draw pan to side of stove and add the vegetables. Let them heat thoroughly, but don't boil again. Pour into jars and seal.

HEDGEROW JAM

A country walk will give you the fruit necessary: blackberries and elderberries. Use equal quantities of both. De-stalk the elderberries and put with the blackberries in the preserving-pan. Press to bring out juice, bring gradually to the boil and cook for about 20 minutes. Warm the sugar (¾ lb. to each lb. of fruit), and add to the preserving-pan. Boil for a further 20 minutes. Pot and cover as soon as the jam will set when tested.

APPLE CHUTNEY

2½ lb. cooking apples ; 1 lb. currants or sultanas ; ½ lb. sugar ; 1 pint vinegar ; ½ oz. allspice ; ½ oz. mustard seed ; ½ teaspoonful pepper ; 1 teaspoonful salt; ½ oz. ground ginger; 1 chopped shallot or small onion. Peel, core and chop apples, and simmer in the vinegar, with

Cooking

if she knew how to boil a potato now add a third test. She taste like eggs and not like wet is so dependent on the cooking

This is a useful sauce to serve with vegetables or with fish, and you can use it cold as a salad dressing.

When using dried household milk in cooking it is often easier to add it to the other ingredients dry instead of mixing it with water beforehand.

In the following recipe both the dried egg and the dried milk are used without being "reconstituted" first.

FRUIT CUSTARD

Stewed fresh fruit ; 4 tablespoonfuls dried egg ; 4 tablespoonfuls household milk (both in powder form) ; 4 tablespoonfuls sugar ; 1 pint water.

Put the fruit in a glass serving dish. Mix the egg and milk powders with the sugar. Slowly add the water, stirring well, and beat until smooth. Cook gently for about 20 minutes, pour over the fruit and leave in a cool place to set. Decorate with grated nutmeg or chopped nuts.

CHOCOLATE SOUFFLÉ

1 oz. fat ; 1 oz. flour ; 1 gill milk ; 4 eggs (reconstituted) ; 1 dessertspoonful sugar ; 1 teaspoonful cocoa.

Not so many people know that you can make a soufflé with dried eggs; you can, and it makes a useful addition to the rather depleted wartime repertoire of sweet dishes.

Melt the fat and stir in the flour carefully. Add the milk, stirring, and cook until the mixture leaves the side of the pan. Add sugar and cocoa. Beat the eggs, add to the mixture, and beat well together. Pour into a greased dish and bake for 15 minutes in a fairly hot oven. Like peace time soufflés, this one won't wait; it must be served at once.

FRUIT FOOL

1 lb. plums or other fruit in season (or ½ lb. dried fruit previously soaked) ; 2 oz. household milk (in powder form) ; 1½ oz. sugar.

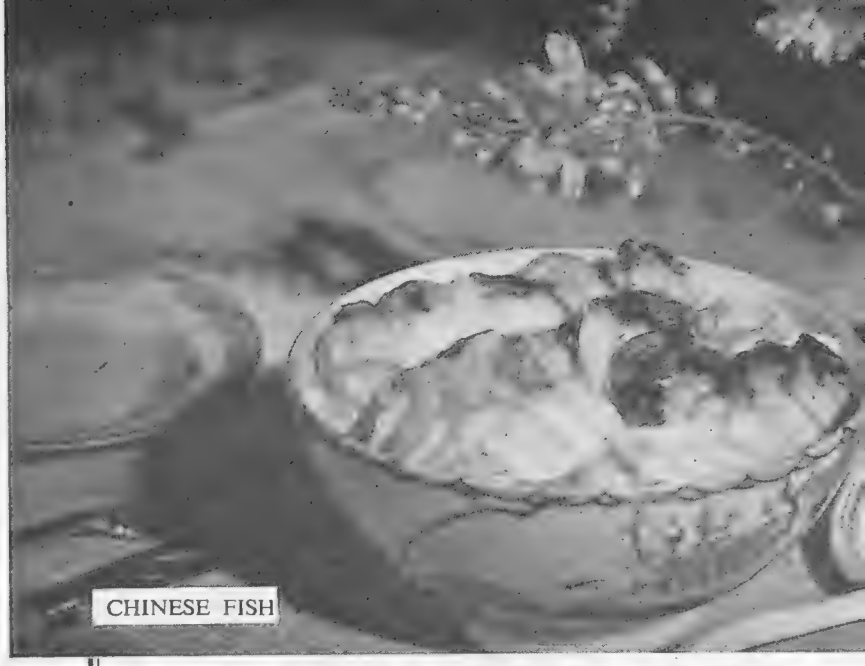
Simmer the fruit gently with a very little water and sugar until soft. When cool beat up with a fork, add the milk powder and beat to a creamy consistency. Put into individual glasses and sprinkle with cocoa or chopped nuts to decorate.

MAC'S SAUSAGE CROQUETTES

sugar and ginger added, until a mush. Add all the other ingredients and continue cooking steadily in an uncovered pan until the right consistency is reached.

Pour hot into jars and cover at once.

By Harriet Muir



CHINESE FISH

FLAVOURINGS

NATURALLY, as the choice of food becomes more limited the accent is more strongly on flavourings—the spice which is the variety of food. Exotic flavourings are limited, too, but the shortage of glamorous spice is having the excellent effect of driving us back to the old English herb garden for our flavourings.

Here are some of the herbs with their uses:—

Chervil. One of the *fines herbes* used in savoury stews and omelets, excellent in salads and soups.

Sweet Fennel. Like chervil, has an aniseed taste, but stronger; is particularly good with fish. Use it to flavour a white sauce, and the plainest steamed fish acquires glamour.

Thyme. Essential ingredient of the classic *bouquet garni*; useful for flavouring soups, stews and forcemeats.

Tarragon. Another ingredient of *fines herbes*; is good with fish, particularly lobster, and can be used in salads either as a herb or in the form of tarragon vinegar. This is easily made now by covering a couple of handfuls of the aromatic leaves of tarragon with 1 pint white wine vinegar. Cover, leave for six weeks, and strain before bottling.

As a rule these and the other herb flavourings are used with discretion, but you can wield a more lavish hand with this.

HERBY PUDDING

1 egg (reconstituted); 4 oz. flour; 1 teaspoonful salt; ½ pint milk; 4 or 5 spring onions (chopped, including green part); a handful of fresh herbs finely chopped (parsley, mint, tarragon, lemon, thyme); 1 oz. fat.

Mix flour and salt, make a well in the centre and stir in the egg. Gradually add the milk, stirring till smooth. Set aside to "rest" for an hour or two if you have time. Make fat very hot in the roasting pan. Stir the onion and other herbs into the batter, pour in and cook like an ordinary Yorkshire pudding in a hot oven.

POTATO PURÉE

Mashed potatoes usually have a mere dusting of chopped parsley over the top. Try for a change beating them up with mixed chopped herbs: parsley, chervil, tarragon, chives, mint.

By the way, you can vary that dish of runner beans by scattering over it a little grated nutmeg.

BROILED HERRINGS

4 fresh herrings; chopped parsley or sweet fennel; 1 shallot (chopped); 1 oz. margarine; salt and pepper.

Melt the margarine till soft but not oiled and mix with the parsley, shallot, salt and pepper. Split the herrings and spread the mixture inside; close up again, score a few times and cook under the grill.

SCALLOPED COD WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE

Strictly speaking, this dish should be made with mushrooms. But I prefer to use the mushrooms not as a flavouring, but as a dish by themselves, or at least with a small piece of bacon.

MAC'S SAUSAGE CROQUETTES

1 lb. sausages; 4 tablespoonfuls cooked rice or mashed potato; 6 pickled walnuts (or a handful of chopped currants or raisins); 1 dessertspoonful curry powder; little sugar; 1 tablespoonful chopped parsley (optional); milk for mixing; knob of fat; breadcrumbs; salt and pepper.

Skin the sausages, add the rice and mix well together. Chop the pickled walnuts and add them, also the curry powder (increase the quantity if you like it hot), sugar, parsley and a little salt and pepper if necessary. Moisten with a little milk. Shape into croquettes, roll in breadcrumbs and fry in very hot fat. Serve a crisp lettuce salad with chopped onions and herbs scattered over it as an accompaniment to this dish. The mixture can be cooked like a pancake if you don't want to make croquettes.

This savoury sausage meal also makes a grand stuffing for a vegetable marrow.

Naughtiness Sometimes Has Its

Nuisance Value...

IT isn't easy for a mother who has been plagued with a naughty child to concede that even naughtiness has its value, but this is a fact.

Before punishing naughtiness, one should consider what the behaviour so described implies and what form of restraint is wise.

So much that is casually interpreted as naughtiness has quite innocent motives, or if not, motives for which the responsibility cannot in fairness be attributed to the child.

Curiosity, boredom, sheer animal high spirits and many psychological causes are at the bottom of the sort of behaviour which is classified as naughty, but cannot possibly be associated with even the mildest variety of vice.

It is essential to the mutual confidence of parent and child that naughtiness should be thus classified and, so far as possible, rectified in an atmosphere of tolerance and understanding.

Curiosity—one of the first and most essential phases of development—is responsible for pranks which can be exasperating to a grown-up although the motive force responsible is natural and right. The desire to find out for themselves how things are made and why things occur is a natural part of living for children to whom everything that happens is something new. It would be wrong to discourage this curiosity, but what you can do is to teach children that their investigations must be made in a legitimate way. Children understand these distinctions instinctively and appreciate them.

WHAT the grown-up so frequently forgets is that the things we take for granted are new and fascinating to the child-mind. In the same way, the conduct which we know to be wrong is not always obviously so to him. That is why his reactions to punishment for something which had a quite innocent motive may be resentful and puzzled—thus leading to more naughtiness.

Boredom is a source of mischief in children just as with their elders. If a child is not reasonably well occupied or if he does not enjoy the sort of companionship he needs there is sure to be trouble.

It isn't easy for a busy mother to keep a child amused, but unless some really constructive effort is made towards this end, the same mother is likely to be even busier with a mischievous child around.

If a child is encouraged from the first to use his own initiative in play, to amuse himself alone if there are no other children to play with, he will gradually develop independence in this way. All the same, he needs encouragement and guidance all the time to achieve this desirable end.

Above all, he needs occupation. Some of the most plaguey children have proved to be intelligent little angels when their aimless existence has been ended by the interest and occupation of a nursery school.

Even school, good as it may prove in this sense for one type of child, sometimes turns out to be the start of naughtiness in another. Children are great copyists and exploits which they may not have thought of by themselves are often hatched up in concert with more fertile or more adventurous spirits.

This, too, should be received with understanding of the causes, remembering always that, for instance, a small boy who finds himself among other small boys whose doings impress him is likely to try asserting his own capabilities in some surprising and alarming ways.

You cannot altogether blame him for this. You can only instruct him by firm and patient explanation that the exploits which seem to flatter his ego are not so clever at all.

This, in itself, calls for tact, because a child cannot, obviously, be permitted to go on trying to outdo his friends just to prove his equality. At the same time his desire for equality should be understood.

ONE could go on indefinitely talking about the various simple and not so simple causes which make up naughtiness. It is a big subject, but the important thing to remember for parents of the child who shows normal manifestations of naughtiness is that it has its value, inasmuch as it is often symptomatic.

You can learn as much about the inner workings of a child's mind by a study of his naughty habits as much as from his good ones. Resentment of them does not help either child or parent, but intelligent analysis and patient guidance may show the basis of the nuisance to have real value.

Louisa Kay

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Dead Language (*Continued from page* 12)

sappers who died in the line of dooty. We're out there on the plain; there's nuthin' behind us or around us but heinies, smashed British tanks and a hundred per cent fighting men sleeping for ever with their eyes open on the stones. The lootenant pulls up by a bomb crater. That'll be five hundred yards from the ruins, and the pillars are standin' up like men lookin' out on us, callin' us suckers fer comin' into their country, where stones can get up and look at the sun without having to tote a tommygun.

"And the moon came up. We got out for fresh air. What the hell! Funny how, when you know you won't see the morning anyhow, you don't get scared. We ate. I told the lootenant it's good to eat. My Uncle Mike was a ganger. He put his boots on in bed before he died and he had a sandwich—a salami on thick rye—when he didn't have a stomach left to eat it with. Yeah. Well, we had chocolate, we drank tea, we ate bully-beef. The lootenant who'd stopped losing any blood from his neck, cheered us all up, so I said: 'Lootenant, you make me feel so good I'll be waiting for the undertaker with a smile.' So he starts off again about some guy called Foster, only it's not Foster, it's some Latin word for a ditch.

"All of a sudden George Langston, who's gone away on his own business, out of good manners I guess, lets out a yell. 'Lootenant'—only he calls him leftenant—'look at this.' We all walk over; there's nuthin' else to do, see, so what do we find? A bunch o' bones blown out of a bomb crater and an old helmet and a few bits of rusty iron. 'A dump, lootenant,' I ses. He looks at me. 'Dump? Have a look at that.' He hands me a hat. 'Yeah,' I said, 'old-fashioned issue, huh? Looks kinda corney to me.' 'It's millies,' he said. 'Millies?' ses I. 'No,' he said, 'miles—a soldier.' 'O.K., so it's millies or it's miles, but what of it?'

"The lootenant holds the hat in his hand and looks toward the ruins of the temple. The moon comes up like a slam on the back then, and the lootenant's sniffin' the air like when you can guess how the pork chop's cooking two blocks from the front door."

The signaller looked up. "Extraordinary!" he said.

"No, just strange," said the sergeant. "Then the moon paints everything blue and white, till I'm thinkin', well if these heinies don't see, they're nuts, and it'd take an American battery five minutes and extra cartridge time to blast anything we had. The lootenant grabs my shoulder. 'D'you hear it?' he ses. I looks around. I don't hear. And then I do hear, and I want to run somewhere. The lootenant holds me up and tells me about a fort. I say: 'Lissen, don't talk to me about forts. All I want to see is some Flying Forts,' and he laughs and ses the word is fortiter. So I ses: 'O.K. brother, I'll check.'"

The sergeant called the Egyptian waiter. "I want a drink," he said. He drank it.

"There were twenty of them," said the sergeant to the signaller. "The guy in front was a big guy; he looked like Tony Rossi, who got the fruit market near my Uncle Joe's. Clean-shaven guy, with a tin hat that went up too high, couldn't protect his ears, I guess, and wearing kilts. So I ses to the lootenant: 'It's O.K., it's the 51st Division.' The lootenant looks straight ahead. 'Duodenal ulcers,' he said. I ses 'What?' 'Duodecim,' he ses. 'Sure,' I ses, 'but that's in the next race; we haven't won the first yet.'

"By this time George, Tom and Slimy come round to where we're standing, and they stand. And if their knees are shaking as much as mine, they got jelly for bones too, see. The lootenant stands up and gives a Fascist salute, so help me. I say: 'Lootenant!' but he pushes me aside. I got sore. 'Why don't you say Heil Hitler?' I ses. He ses: 'Aviary.' I ses: 'Yeah, at the Zoo.' He ses: 'No, in Tunisia.' And the Highlander comes up.

"That guy's got a collection of the toughest eggs I seen. They all got kilts, see; they got no stockings—sandals, sure, and tin puttees. I ses to the lootenant: 'That must be them iron trench coats we heard about. Stops anything.' He ses: 'Shut up.' I shut up.

"There's one guy with a fat bayonet and a long spear. I don't get the spear. He comes and breathes down my neck, but I don't say nuthin', waiting for the lootenant. The lootenant starts talking to the guy he saluted, who saluted him back, while the other Scotchmen bring their pigstickers round, so George, Tim and Slimy and myself just got to stand there, see."

The signaller broke in. "Incredible!"

"No, just strange," said the sergeant. "Then the lootenant gets going. He stands up and he spouts as much Latin as Father Grogan uses between Easter and the last game in the major league. He goes on and he sounds like Bob Hope doing double talk. All of a sudden the Scotch officer stops him. 'My dear fellow,' says the Scotch officer, sounding like a limey, 'if you would stop mumbling gibberish and would start talking Latin I would understand you.' The lootenant went for a sixer then, and I had to hold him up. I ses to the Scotchman: 'Lissen, brother, this guy's took it in the neck, see.' 'I'm not blind,' said the Scotchman. 'In any case, decemvir, when you're talking to an officer, say sir.' I snaps back: 'O.K. sir, and when you're talking to a sergeant, call him one.' The guy looked surprised. 'That's just what I did, decemvir,' he ses, and then it starts.

"The lootenant wakes up, the Scotchman gives him a swig from his water bottle, only it ain't a water bottle, and the lootenant gurgles and ses 'Hibernian.' Only he said it was 'Falernian.' Then they start talking. And I start to walk back a bit, because the other Scotchmen had put their pikes down by this time. I don't hear much what the lootenant's saying, but I can see the Scotch officer pointing to the ruined temple and then down at the bomb crater and the bones, and then I see the lootenant bring the Scotchman into the tank, help him up and put him inside so he could see.

"The other guys were a bit dumb, until a big buy comes to me and ses: 'Well, decemvir, I'm a decemvir,' and I ses: 'Well, if you're a decemvir, I'm a big son-of-a—but we'll let it go at that.' And then he starts to talk."

The sergeant paused. "Lissen, kid, you've never been crazy. It's doin' you good to lissen to a crazy guy."

"Amazing!" said the signaller.

"No, just strange," said the sergeant. "So the big guy who said he was a deck of cards sits down with me, gives me some wine and a hunk of cheese made from goat, he ses—it's good. Asks me whether I'm a Greek. So I say: 'You want to make something of it?' He ses it suits him if it suits me, and then I think what the hell, I should fight with a guy in my last few hours, so we sit down and drink some more wine. The other guys had wandered off, too. They dropped their spears—I never knew Scotchmen carried spears, and they're walking round looking at some of the poor dead guys in front of the minefield. The sergeant asks me what the gadgets are in the tank. I tell him that's my business; let the infantry look after themselves. Then he starts to tell me about catapults. I ses: 'Yeah, my young brother makes 'em.' He doesn't like that either. He tells me they've been cleanin' up the Carthaginians. I ses: 'So have we.' And it goes on and on and I don't understand why, but he wasn't speaking Scotch and he wasn't speaking American, but whatever he was speaking I was speaking, and he understood what I was sayin'. No wonder a guy goes nuts.

"They'd come down from Rome, he ses; so I ses: 'We're fighting you.' 'Oh no,' he said, 'we're not at war with Greece,' and I ses: 'One more crack about Greece and I'll crown you.' He ses: 'Oh no, save it for the Carthaginians.' So I ses: 'O.K.' and he tells me he's a Legionary. I ses: 'Why didn't you tell me, bud? I read *Beau Geste* meself.' And he ses: 'No (*Continued on page* 52)

It's a Long Time

since you have seen this label on a *new* blanket! But "Moderna" is definitely of pre-war quality—not allowed to be made to-day—and we do not want to put this label on anything but the best!

Meanwhile, our mills are working overtime on blankets for war-time needs and of "Utility" decree, and we are making them as good as they can be made.

Take good care of your "Moderna"—if you have any!

Thomas RATCLIFFE & Co. Ltd. MYTHOLMROYD, YORKS.

Always a Picture of Health

. . . always fit and fresh, thanks to that regular early-morning glass of

Phosferine HEALTH SALT

"A tonic as well as a laxative"

From Chemists everywhere 2/- and 3/6

"Manhandling now..."

How the grime of a man's job gets right into a woman's skin. And how Wright's —that famous standby—gets it right out again. More than that, it leaves the skin smooth and clear; protected against chance infections and septic abrasions. It's a "health insurance" and a "beauty treatment" in one.

WRIGHT'S

Coal Tar Soap

1 TABLET — 1 COUPON — 7½d per tablet (Including tax)

You can see the

DIFFERENCE

in lips by Tattoo!

Others see that difference too . . . that dawn-dewy secret that belongs only to Tattoo! A spell stolen from the gold-dusted South Sea's maidens. Gorgeous transparent stain instead of greasy coating. Glamorous, amorous redness . . . that stays and stays! Tattoo! The only lipstick you put on . . . let set . . . wipe off . . . only the colour remains.

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Tattoo Ltd

SUPPLIES ARE LIMITED DUE TO WARTIME RESTRICTIONS

TATTOO your lips!

compree, no understand, nicht verstehen,' and he ses he's a 12th Legion guy, and I ses: 'A foreigner's a foreigner.' He ses: 'I'm no foreigner—you want to make something of it?' I ses: 'No,' and he ses he's a Roman citizen, and I ses: 'Well, then, we're at war with you and Benito. Now you can make something of it if you want to.' He laughs then and gives me some more to drink and a piece of bread, good bread after desert biscuit."

"Exactly," said the signaller.

"Well," said the sergeant, "it went on and on and on. He's got a dame in Rome and I gotta dame in New York—so what? I asks him if he's got a photograph of the dame, and he wants to hit me. I dunno. These guys get touchy. I say isn't it time his lootenant took us prisoner, and he ses we're not enemies. So—he comes from Rome and we're not enemies! And he fishes round in a leather purse that dames wear, hung round his middle, and he gives me fifty cents. I say: 'Lissen, mister, if I want a hand-out I'll ask for it.' He says: 'Do you want to make something of it?' I ses: 'No, no.' I look round. I see the other boys. They got their arms round the shoulders of these dago-Italian Scotchmen. Weird wops, yeah, sure, and they're laughing and talking and I can just hear from the tank the lootenant still talking to the young officer. And the moon's on its way down, somewhere across by Lampedusa.

"I figger I haven't asked the guy his name. He says: 'Marcus.' 'Ah!' I ses, 'Marcus, a Jewish boy, huh?' Then he wants to fight again. I say: 'Lissen, kid, we don't have this anti-semitism,' and he ses: 'I wish you'd talk good Latin so I can understand you,' and then I feel my own lights going out.

"There's an order from the young officer. He's standing with the lootenant, see, and he's pointing out to the minefield, and the young officer puts his hand on the lootenant's shoulders and they shake hands, and the big baboon talking to me shakes my hand and wants to give me another fifty cents. I say O.K. and I fish out a dollar bill, and he wants to fight again for me giving him a bit of paper, but I can't explain the United States Treasury to him. So, because his name's Marcus, I say Morgenthau, and that don't make him any happier.

"The moon's almost down. It's still quiet, except behind us we know what there is, and in front of us there are minefields no man can get through. I see the lootenant and the wop Scotchman shaking hands. The lootenant gives the Scotchman his note-book and the Scotchman looks at the pencil and writes something. They go on then. They spread out into the minefield. The Scotch lootenant shoves his tin hat on the side of his head and pulls out his bayonet, but it's too thick for a bayonet. I see the lootenant and the other guy's sobbing, and he pushes me back to keep me quiet."

The signaller interrupted. "You know, sergeant," he said.

"Me?" said the sergeant. "All I know is I'm crazy, nuts, bats in the belfry, but I know it. You don't, yet."

"The lootenant barks an order. We get in the tank. We're looking hard. 'Start her up,' he ses. 'Quintus, Fabius centurion, ave atque vale.' We can just see those Scotchmen walking out into the minefield. All of a sudden there's a boom, and another boom, enough noise to wake up the Secretary of the Interior, and every one o' them booms is a mine. They keep on going, thousands of 'em. It looks like Coney Island before the dim-out. They're booming back for three miles—that's the depth of the field, see, but we're going ahead now, we're going straight ahead. And it takes no time until we're through it and joining up with the 30th Brigade, plump into the 4th Division, the first link they've had, and they know what to do then with the heinies."

The signaller looked at the sergeant with admiration, affection and awe. "Night," he said, "and the Germans disturb the rest of some old-time soldiers, and the old-time soldiers go back to their rest through the minefield and clear it for you, and that's how your tank got through. And that's where you got that D.C.M., the first American."

The sergeant looked at him. "Yeah, yeah, it's fine to get medals. Sure, you get a wound and you get a Purple Heart; you do a good job for the limeys and they plaster your chest. But that don't stop you being crazy." He stopped. He fished in his pocket. "Two lots of fifty cents," he said. "Yeah."

The two Roman coins bore on the obverse the profile of the Augustus.

The sergeant finished his ice-cream soda and sank back into his indescribable gloom. The signaller sat, motionless.

END

Old Tales Re-Told

(*Continued from page 24*)

menaced the lives of them all. Nothing short of murder would stop it, and this must be followed inevitably by reprisals, the horror of which scarcely bore thinking about. It was useless to appeal to the master's wife, for she was always confined to the harem at the back of the building and in any case had no influence over her husband at all. It was equally useless to formulate plans for escape, for to try and carry them out was almost suicidally perilous.

They were not entirely isolated, for almost every day Moors came to the house to do business with the dealer; but they all possessed the same unfriendly and treacherous faces.

The abbé made some attempt at conversation with them and in spite of their discouraging attitude he even promised them handsome rewards if they would carry a letter to Algiers. They refused, and he knew that he had risked a terrible punishment in confiding in them. If they betrayed him, he was lost.

There was no indication, however, that they had done so; and one day he tried again. This time he was luckier. He found a young Arab who accepted the promised bribe and undertook to convey a note to the French Consul at Algiers.

In a few brief but eloquent lines Mademoiselle de Bourk described their pitiful plight, and afterwards the captives gathered in the stable where they prayed God to perform a miracle and rescue them before further iniquity could be practised upon them.

The next few days passed in a fever of anxious expectation; but no signs of any impending rescue appeared, and the oily smile of the slave master grew ever more frequent and more charged with evil meaning. They resolved to try again. A second letter was written and entrusted to another messenger, but with no better results. One fact, however, was fortunate. So far they had not been betrayed. Two more messengers were pursuaded to accept the bribe and the written plea for assistance.

Once again they resigned themselves to waiting for a sign.

One day towards the middle of May the slave dealer sent for mademoiselle. The pretext was that one of the children was ill and as her services might be needed she was to spend the night in the house.

So it had come, at last. Long though she had been expecting it, the order filled her with such terror and revulsion that her knees trembled and she could think of nothing but the need for instant flight.

Instead of obeying the order and going to the house, she went to find her uncle and Mr. Arthur and implore them to help her.

On hearing her fateful news they were at once stricken by anxiety and perplexity. It was possible, of course, that the child's illness was real and that their fears were unfounded. But the old abbé was too wise in the ways of men to be so easily reassured.

Whilst they were debating what to do, Mr. Arthur's attention was suddenly caught by the sight of a group of people in the distance, slowly (*Continued on page 54*)

As women in uniform know
Lasting smartness saves money, and so
They wear shirts of 'Viyella'—Or maybe 'Clydella'—
And put up a jolly good show.

'VIYELLA' Regd. & 'CLYDELLA' Regd SERVICE SHIRTS

WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO LTD DAY NIGHT WEAR VIYELLA HOUSE NOTTINGHAM REGISTERED TRADE MARK

In 'Viyella'—from 20/2. In 'Clydella'—from 17/5.
Collars extra.

These goods can only be supplied to members of H.M. Services.

W2

Jennifer Graham

HANDMADE COSMETICS

Obtainable only at Leading Stores
SANDORA LTD., Waxwell Farm House, Pinner, Middlesex

Crickets: a pest we can't afford

Crickets (or Gryllulus Domesticus—to give them their scientific name) have a nuisance value which they exploit almost to the limit of human endurance, and are a serious and destructive pest: a pest we cannot afford to tolerate.

Crickets are often numerous in and near refuse heaps, where they live and breed during the summer months, leaving these haunts when the weather gets colder to invade bakeries, cinemas, hospitals, hotels, restaurants, and other centrally-heated buildings.

Apart from the annoyance of their continual chirping noise, Crickets, when present in large numbers, do considerable damage to woollen and silk materials and stored foodstuffs — and they will feed on almost any kind of food. A fact that should be remembered (and acted upon) by all owners of infested premises.

The Pest-Control Service operated by Chelsea Insecticides Ltd. has made a special study of the problem of the cricket: and also effectively deals with infestations of beetles, cockroaches and steam flies.

Illustrations show adult cricket and eggs. The slightest suspicion of either on your premises is the signal to communicate with Chelsea Insecticides, Ltd., at once.

CHELSEA INSECTICIDES Service

Chelsea Insecticides, Ltd.,
125 Pall Mall, London, S.W.1

Please send your District Inspector to advise on my/our problem of insect infestation.

Name.....

Phone: ABBey 7650 *Address*.....

B.E.

For a brighter outlook

SPOSS Window Sheen cleans on a new principle. It absorbs every kind of smear and mark from glass, including the obstinate dirt left by smoke, fog, rain and atmospheric deposits. Sprinkle a few drops of SPOSS Window Sheen on a non-fluffy cloth; apply gently; wipe off immediately with a dry cloth. Windows, mirrors, glass shelves, silver and other metal are sparkling clean. No rubbing. Nothing to harm any surface.

Sold by leading stores, grocers and hardware stores, but if any difficulty, write to Dept. BE.12, Simmonds Products Ltd., Great West Road, London.

If you have any problems of household cleaning or polishing, write to Mrs. Mary Jordan, at our address above.

SPOSS WINDOW SHEEN

1/- and 2/-

We regret that supplies of SPOSS Floor Dressing and SPOSS Cleaner are now very limited.

Simmonds Products Ltd., *A Company of the Simmonds Group*, Great West Road, London

For Extra Smartness the shoes of more and more officers of our Allies are being polished with

NUGGET

MILITARY TAN
(the rich brown stain)
BOOT POLISH

USE SPARINGLY—
THE SUPPLY IS RESTRICTED

NUGGET

ANADIN
IN WAR-TIME

Invaluable in times of peace, 'ANADIN' is now regarded as indispensable in many factories where 'Time off' must be reduced to the absolute minimum. This well-balanced and medically approved combination, in tablet form, is playing no small part in keeping war-workers free from colds, headaches and muscular aches and pains. 'ANADIN' can be relied upon to relieve pain swiftly and surely without affecting the heart or causing any depressing after-effects.

1/5 & 2/10 (Inc. Tax)

ANADIN
TABLETS
REGD.
FOR THE RELIEF OF PAIN

making their way up the tortuous path leading to the house. Was it mere delusion—or was it a fact that some of them were wearing three-cornered black hats instead of the familiar red fez or turban? Could they be more captives? Excitement and uncertainty shook them in a breathless grip. Gradually the strangers drew nearer, and then it could be seen that they were armed. There was a priest with them. Tense with emotion the captives waited to see if their dream had come true.

It had. An hour later they were unpacking the parcels of clothing which had been brought for them and were preparing to leave that hateful place.

Their fourth letter had reached the Consul of Algiers who had passed it on to the Catholic Fathers whose mission was the redemption of slaves. Soon an armed ship had set sail, carrying with it a sum for purposes of ransom. The business was swiftly concluded between rescuers and captor, and now the slaves were free.

When the children saw their beloved mademoiselle dressed in clothes that seemed to them very odd, they looked at her with big dark eyes of amazement. She embraced them, and in spite of herself, began to weep. How strange it seemed that, in the midst of her excitement and exultation at leaving that horrible place, she could yet find cause for shedding tears! Blowing a last kiss she said: "Adieu mes enfants." Life, had played a queer trick on Mademoiselle de Bourk.

END

How Free Shall We Be?

(*Continued from page* 16)

reconcile this with personal freedom (I quote a letter to the *Daily Telegraph*):—

> "Both Mr. Churchill and President Roosevelt stated in the Atlantic Charter that one of the things for which we are fighting is freedom of religion and thought. Yet by the command of a commanding officer all officers and men on a station are required to attend a place of worship, and frequently week-end passes are cancelled. To many earnest Christians, as well as those who profess little interest, this tradition is extremely distasteful. Certainly compulsory church parades are causing an undercurrent of bad feeling in the Army and R.A.F. The 'official' ruling is that if a Service man objects on conscientious grounds he must attend the parade, but he may stay outside the church until after the service. Needless to say, few avail themselves of this concession, as it is more comfortable to sit down. Yours, etc.,
>
> "FLIGHT-LIEUTENANT."

Like the errant schoolboy being sent outside the classroom door.

I suggest that a search apter to the age would be for freedoms from want, disease, ignorance and fear. We should be on safer ground, more within the range of human competence.

Few continental countries allow so much of their private leisure and pleasure to be governed by the equivalents of our town councillors and guardians—offhand I can only think of Switzerland. In Britain an apathetic majority bows in such matters to a tenacious minority for whom children playing on Sunday is an unheavenly sight—so what a hope for the grown-ups!

There should be greater incentive hereafter to shake off deadening forces because the inevitable development of community living and state control is bound to make inroads on previously held liberties. One hears it said that a precise and logically ordered society is a bad exchange for freedom, but various manifestations of freedom at present withheld can be introduced into a logically ordered society. And anyway most of us realise that a return to pre-war methods cannot be reconciled with professed intentions to spread greater all-round well-being. In fact an answer to "Individualism" is that the freest of all communities was the *Ancien Régime*, but that unfortunately its freedom touched only a slender proportion of the French people.

If it interests, the main English freedom that I have heard lauded by foreigners concerns Habeas Corpus and the administration of the law. And a huge freedom it is, worth hanging on to by every means—such as paying attention to a judge's recent suggestion that arrested people should be allowed to write down their own statements instead of having to dictate them to constables.

Our political freedom also gains many foreign suffrages though people at home who look at Parliament from close up are not so sure. What about its composition? Too many of its candidates are "vetted" by a couple of caucuses, the Conservative Central Office looking benignly on bank balances and the old school tie, and Labour rewarding faithful service, mostly in connection with the trade unions. Before Parliament is all it claims to be, the quintessence of democratic self-government, much new blood untrammelled by ties, banking accounts and T.U.C. "pensioning," must clock in at Westminster.

M.P.s, in turn, are worried about rule by Whitehall, "The New Despotism." They say that many of the thousands of orders made under the Government's Emergency Powers remain entirely unknown to the man in the street. What more concerns the latter, I should imagine, is how much E.P. will be perpetuated. The last war was made an excuse for installing Dora for years after, and parts of her stayed permanently. The same thing may well happen again. Restrictions that have been accepted as aiding the war effort (though some palpably do not do so) will be slipped over for keeps unless a new vigilance is awakened. Just as the old licensing laws were sunk in 1914, and with them a robust living which, for all its indulgence, informed the building up of Britain, so I imagine we shall wait a long time to get back even 1939 conditions. A combination of high prices, "scarcity" and pussyfoot closing hours will see to that.

Then there are anomalies like the gambling laws. Will any one tell me the difference between betting on horses and dogs and gambling in casinos? Yet the latter is apparently immoral, "continental" and home-wrecking. Whereas, of course, far more money is gambled away in various ways in this country than foreign wage-earners ever stake in casinos. Incidentally, I can assure Sir Kingsley Wood that if he is looking for £150,000,000 worth a year of foreign tourists, one of several ways of keeping them out is to continue to ban casinos, founts of spirited distraction.

Another freedom to be won is that of enjoying one's own country. Nowhere are people so thickly jammed together in towns, yet nowhere is it harder to step out. Half of England seems to bear "No Trespassers" notices; endless countryside, and some of the most enticing at that, is hardly trodden by human feet from year's end to year's end.

I'll pass over Sunday theatres since it looks as if that battle has been fought and lost, but when next you hear how free we are, recollect that scarce a continental capital or city is without its Sunday performances of some kind in normal times. A triviality? Well, that depends on viewpoint. Here's a friend who writes about divorced people being barred from certain careers.

Another asked: "Why shouldn't women be paid the same as men if they can do the same work as well as men?" "Can" being the operative word in what may be one of England's severest freedom problems. A third friend had things all simplified. "Freedom from want depends on how much they chip off Beveridge. So, up to a point, does freedom from disease. Freedom from fear depends on whether they lapse into the old, vested peacemaking. Freedom of thought depends on how much they really intend in education."

END

What lustre! What sheen!

WITH A CLOTH AND

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FOR ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES

Be sparing in use—supplies are restricted by the Limitation of Supplies Order.

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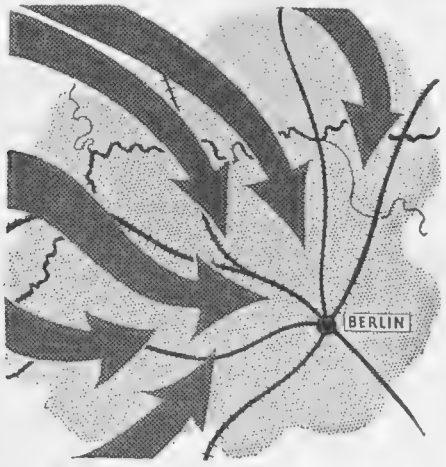

A WAR OF *MOVEMENT*

MODERN warfare depends on Railways as never before; they are of supreme strategic importance. British Railways are fighting and winning the greatest "War of Movement" in the world's history. Remember this and DON'T MAKE UNNECESSARY JOURNEYS.

RAILWAY EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

No medals for Mother

Her cares are many
her tasks beyond number.
Every hour, every minute
She is on duty—
She sees the children
off to school
She makes the meals
She makes the beds—
and the planes!
Sees to the laundry
and the lathe.
Fills the shell—
and the shopping basket,
a tiring business
these days.
Cuts sandwiches
for her man
going on night duty—
and wakes at once
if her child
cries in the night.
Tired yet tireless,
She holds the fort
of the family;
the citadel
of the hearth.
She has no medals,
only the pride
of working and striving
beside her menfolk
in a great enterprise—
to save the homes
and the children
of all the world.

* * * *

The women of Britain are making enormous contributions to the war effort—not least of these is what they are doing for Savings. *We thank them . . .*

Save for Victory

Issued by the National Savings Committee

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THE LUCKY WISHBONE

The wishbone has always been looked upon as an emblem of luck, but you must keep the points upwards or the luck runs out.

ST. MARTIN'S Preserves are famous for their quality and flavour—there is nothing to equal it.
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THE QUALITY MARMALADE
WITH THE DELICIOUS FLAVOUR.

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OVERHEARD IN THE MESS

"... Personally I'm all for the home laundry—there's nothing like being independent."

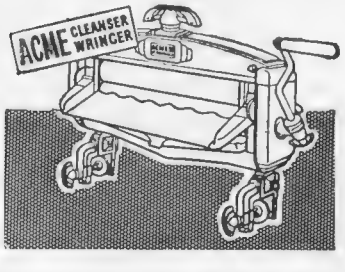
"Quite; providing it doesn't mean all work and no play."

"But that's where modern planning comes in. I want an ideal kitchen with every modern labour saving device; and an ★Acme's at the top of my list."

"I'm with you there—it takes a really heavy wash without effort and your things come out so crisp and clean."

"Well, we had an Acme at my last depot, and nothing less will do for me when I set up *my* ideal home ....."

★ *The Acme Cleanser Wringer will not be on sale again until the war is over, but, when planning your future home, remember that Acme's rubber rollers will give you a whiter wash than ever.*



Do You Remember . . . How War Came To Britain

Four Years Ago This Month?

(*Continued from page* 15)

Saturday, 2nd September, 1939. It isn't yet war, although what can stop it now is difficult to see. A day of waiting, of rumour and expectation. Although press day, I spent the hour between two and three o'clock going about London.

All around were the signs of the approaching war. Hundreds of balloons in the blue sky—the balloon barrage to force air raiders high into the sky for the guns to get at them and to prevent dive bombing. Trenches being dug and completed. Soldiers—territorials mostly, so young looking that it was a shock to see them—going to their depots, packs across shoulders, suitcases in hands.

They are incredibly young. I must have been as young—younger indeed—when I joined the Army in the last war. What are they feeling? Nothing, perhaps. I can't remember that the thought of the future oppressed me unduly when I joined up. It is only later in life, when knowledge and imagination colour each passing experience, that one thinks and dreams and fears.

London is deserted. There are still private cars being packed with suitcases. Londoners are on the run for the country. It is already like a city of the dead on this sunny Saturday afternoon, with its blinds drawn, and its sandbags against its walls and windows, and its depleted bus services, and its empty, echoing streets, and its civilian policemen wearing steel helmets. It is a depressing London, but not a discouraging one. It is a London getting ready.

Just before the early edition goes to press in the evening, Chamberlain rises to speak in the Commons.

We wait for him in the office, ready to take every "snap" of the speech. It is seven-forty, and the front page goes in at eight-fifteen. Everything else is away. We are standing by for the declaration of war. Yesterday the Prime Minister said we had asked Hitler to withdraw his troops. Today we know it is war.

And then comes the speech. Anti-climax. Germany gets one more chance—no mention of the Poles and their plight.

So we went to press, another statement promised for Sunday.

I slipped out for some food and over dinner heard something of the scene in the House of Commons.

Members were bewildered and disturbed. The spirit of the country seemed not to be understood. It was left to Arthur Greenwood, the Labour Opposition, to say something of what they were feeling. "Speak for England!" they called out to him as he rose. "Speak for the people!" Chamberlain sat, pale and distressed by the strain of the crisis. (It was only the following day that the House learned that there had been a last slender chance of peace and that the Prime Minister had once more been trying to hold back the clock of destiny.)

There was a midnight meeting of the Cabinet, while "blacked-out" London was lit up by the most spectacular storm for years, and hosed by a torrential downpour of rain.

It took me an hour to secure a taxi and crawl through splashed, dark streets to the hotel. Hot, sticky day, distressing nights. And still the issue in doubt.

Are we going to miss the boat? Bed at four a.m.

Sunday, 3rd September, 1939. Sunday . . . a London morning with bright patches of sunshine; a washed and brushed-up London after last night's storm, but stuffy and hot.

I did not wait for breakfast but got into the office early to make our preparations for the day. Then, as a long day seemed likely, I went back to my hotel and ordered a breakfast-lunch, and had a bath and a shave.

I was enjoying my food when Chamberlain's voice came over the radio. I sipped my orange juice. My eyes went over the tray in front of me—coffee with lots of milk; a silver dish with scrambled eggs and sausages on it; rolls and croissants and lots of butter, and several jams—while my ears heard the tired voice of the Prime Minister:

> "I am speaking to you from the Cabinet Room at 10 Downing Street.
>
> "This morning the British Ambassador in Berlin handed the German Government an official Note stating that unless we heard from them by eleven o'clock that they were prepared at once to withdraw their troops from Poland, a state of war would exist between us.
>
> "I have to tell you now that no such undertaking has been received, and that consequently this country is at war with Germany."

And then, dramatically, incredibly, the warning wail of air raid sirens! It was too dramatic. The effect was so startling as to be beyond relief. Twenty minutes after war had been declared the German planes were headed for London. What timing! Heil Hitler!

I looked out of the open window. Into the sky the balloons, battered down or hauled down in last night's storm, were slowly ascending—gleaming, friendly, reassuring.

The sirens were going on. Whistles were blowing. Cars were pulling into the kerb. People were running, but no sign of panic.

I waited, but nothing happened. The streets were deserted, save for A.R.P. wardens. People had gone to ground.

In twenty minutes the all clear was given—it had been no test, but a real warning because an unknown aircraft had been sighted on the coast (later proved to be friendly). But it was a good beginning and a warning of what perhaps has to come.

In the office, phoned home and discovered warning had been general. Brought out "stamped in" editions of paper. War Cabinet includes Churchill—First Lord of the Admiralty. I remember a lunch with him I had at his house in Westerham. We had been discussing the international situation and the gathering clouds. "I am afraid nothing can stop it now," Mr. Churchill said. "Hitler has the bit between his teeth and all Europe will be his charging ground."

Home to the country in the evening about eight. Lovely to leave it all behind for a brief space and to go out on the Sussex Downs in the moonlight and walk over the dew cool grass and smell the smells of the countryside.

Diana was asleep, but John called out: "Daddy!" I went in to him. He told me, holding me in the dark room, about the air raid warning that morning, and how he had been the first to hear it.

Already their young lives are being coloured by Hitler.

END

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 43)

to apply; and that any one as ignorant as myself on the subject of leather could not possibly begin to understand the technique involved.

The methylated spirit tip can make the results of your everyday polishing shine twice as brightly. Keep a clean yellow duster for this purpose, and when you have polished in the ordinary way, shake a drop or two of methylated spirit in the palm of your hand, rub over the duster pad and treat the shoes to one extra polish. Incidentally, the shine keeps twice as long.

END

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People who need a proper medical eye lotion should not use home-made or casually prepared lotions. Chemicals mixed with tap water are merely a danger. Optrex is still the best for regular use. It is produced under conditions of clinical asepsis and control for which there is no substitute. Its manufacture requires laboratory apparatus of a very special character. Its ingredients are carefully balanced. The result of all this care is a lotion which is isotonic, sterile, safe and effective.

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IT was tough luck having to give up all idea of the party! There really is no need to let periodical indisposition mar your well-earned relaxation. You can rid yourself of all suffering due to depressing pains and splitting headache if you take one or two "Anti-Kamnia" Tablets at the first warning twinges. You will find that you can face the most strenuous day or joyous evening free from distress. "Anti-Kamnia" Tablets do not disturb the natural action of the female system.

Thousands of women simply ask for A-K. If you say A.K. your chemist will know. 1/5 *a box (including tax).*

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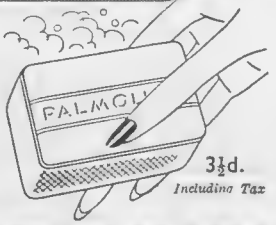
She looks lovely and she'll keep her loveliness — because she entrusts the care of her skin to Palmolive. Let the rich, velvety, olive-oil lather of Palmolive do the same for you — give you a natural beauty treatment from head to toe and keep you "schoolgirl complexion" all over.



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Only FORHANS Brand contains the special ingredient to prevent gum infection

"JUST BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT"..

Raider's Island

(*Continued from page* 32)

so-efficient Nazis hadn't got a launch overside already. It was only being lowered now.

But once the German pinnace hit the water it was away swiftly enough. Kendall reckoned that he had a mile of start. A mile in a five-mile race. Five miles would see him to the other side of the Amba River estuary. From there he knew what he would do. He would . . .

It was like a high, thin scream, the sound that cut short his calculations. He whipped his head around and saw the sea spout up two hundred yards to shoreward, where the shell went in.

So they were going to potshot at him until the pinnace got the Boigu within machine gun range. He looked to see how Dalua, at the tiller, was taking it. The native sergeant's eyes were wide. But Kendall was satisfied with the way Dalua's bottom lip stuck out.

His grip on the lee rail tightened, like a grip on a friendly hand, as he saw that the pinnace had gained in ten minutes no more than a quarter-mile.

Now he could make out the mounting of the machine gun on the bows. Kendall glanced appreciatively at the choppy sea, and the bouncing motion of the German pinnace.

Two miles from where the Amba's estuary began, with the water already taking on the river's muddy tinge, the first bullets ripped through the Boigu's sails. Kendall heard them as shik !—shik !—shik ! above the rattle of the firing.

To reply with Dalua's service rifle or his own revolver was, Kendall had already decided, out of the question. It would only make it worse for Dalua afterwards. It was time he talked to Dalua about what he intended to do.

Kendall crawled along the deck to where Dalua was crouched low against the rail, his feet braced, his thick black hands easing the tiller, then bringing it firmly back again.

Dalua listened, nodding from time to time. Kendall didn't have to labour how important it was that he should "make talk along Government quick-time" of the raider's whereabouts. Nor did Dalua need to be told that they could never hope to reach Sabaieng without being overhauled. Nor did he question that Kendall's was the only valid plan but his black brows knit in protest when he learned it.

"Taubada—you swim 'long shore, mebbe shark, he come. Shark he bad for white fella. More better me make swim."

Kendall said he'd thought of sharks, but it would not be more than two hundred yards. He'd be unlucky not to make it.

What worried him much more was leaving Dalua at the tiller. If Dalua lashed the tiller and stayed below until they came alongside and took him prisoner, the Germans would think the craft abandoned and look around the shore. One man had to be in evidence.

"When I go overside," Kendall told Dalua, "you stay 'long course. You keep head b'long you altogether down 'long deck or machine gun he shoot 'em off quick-time.

"When you come along point he stick out otherside Amba River, you make belly-walk 'long deck—allsame keep'm head plenty down—then you cuttem rope b'long sail. Sail he finish then—savee? German-fella he come along take you fella Dalua prisoner. You-fella prisoner 'long Germans. Dalua good man along King George. No man be more good man for country than Dalua, good sergeant 'long me."

Dalua understood now. "Yas, Taubada," he said simply. Instinctively his black hand closed over the fingers of the hand that rested on his arm.

Kendall motioned for Dalua to swing the Boigu closer inshore. They were off the Amba estuary now, running close in across the river's mouth. The German pinnace was half a mile back, the bow waves of its speed throwing up more clearly now against the cloudy sky's vague horizon to the sea. More machine gun fire was skittering, like a shoal of flying fish, across the water. Occasionally a bullet thugged into the cutter's stern.

Kendall crawled forward along the deck. Under cover of the heeled-over mainsail he climbed the lower rail and hung there a moment, legs in the water. Dalua did not turn his head as he dropped off, and the Boigu swirled by.

Kendall's crawl-kick made little splash above the choppy water as he struck out for the mangroved shore . . .

FOUR days later A R M. Kendall, of Moburi, sat facing Old Saunders in the administrator's office at Rabaul.

"And before I ask you to tell me that part of the—er—incident which I do not know already, I want to say this . . ."

The administrator broke off to lay down his pipe. Kendall thought, watching him, that the old man was getting more wrinkled every day around the eyes.

"It is my privilege to congratulate you on what you have done, Kendall. That this raider was captured two days ago after the action with H.M.A.S. *Waratah* is entirely due to you——"

"I'd like you to remember Dalua, sir," Kendall broke in. He couldn't help it after what he had heard that day from Sabaieng.

"I'll come to Dalua," Old Saunders said, almost softly.

"And it is my duty to point out to you to what extent you disobeyed the regulations. You abandoned your patrol—fortunately they've come in all right, at Sabaieng. And, of course, you split your forces at the outset.

"I think, perhaps"—Old Saunders's feelings were written now in those wrinkles around his eyes—"I should reconsider what I said about releasing you to join up with the Air Force. That is, if you still want to. I think so."

"Yes, sir. I hope I may say 'Thank you' without—er——"

"That's all right," Old Saunders said. "Now, tell me the last part: after you went overside . . ."

Kendall's mouth felt strangely dry.

"I got ashore without any—trouble," he said haltingly. "I did see a shark fin when I made the mangroves and was looking out after the boat. I don't think the pinnace saw me. I started making my way up—it was, roughly, a twenty-five-mile stretch up to Sabaieng from there. I was just about all in when I made it."

The administrator nodded. "So Fletcher told me from Sabaieng. Apart from the details of the raider base at Jackson Island—apparently, you know, it only stopped there for water, fresh coconuts and a spot of air reconnaissance—Fletcher said the only other words you uttered were some mumblings about Dalua, and then you passed out."

Kendall was silent for a moment before he resumed. "I heard this morning about Fletcher's boys finding Dalua. Shot to pieces . . . And the Boigu was ashore, two miles past the point where I told him to give in. Even allowing for the current——"

"What was the last you saw of the Boigu?" Old Saunders said quietly.

Kendall felt that he couldn't trust the corners of his mouth or his eyes.

"Sailing like hell! Rounding the point and still flat on the course. Drawing on the chase till they were on top of him! Giving *me* a better chance!" Kendall heard himself almost shouting and stopped.

"Yes," said Old Saunders, and then after a pause: "We shouldn't forget Dalua . . ."

Suddenly Kendall's eyes brightened. "No, sir. And I've got an idea . . ."

Old Saunders's eyes, interrogating, told him to go on.

"I don't know who Jackson was, sir. The Jackson the island is named after. But whoever he is I'm damned sure he didn't have a better claim on a sort of immortality than my black sergeant, Dalua."

"I'm damned sure he didn't," said Old Saunders grimly. "Yes—mark you, I think it's against the regulations—but I'll fix it. Dalua Island. Yes . . . Dalua Island . . ."

END

Phillips

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★

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Phillips put the utmost wear into their rubber soles and heels. See that you get the last ounce of wear out of them before you have new ones fitted. Then ask your repairer to see that the old ones go for salvage.

PHILLIPS RUBBERS LAST LONGEST

Beauty goes to extremes

AN army may march on its stomach, but war is hard on feet too. And not only in the A.T.S., the W.A.A.F. and W.R.N.S. Most feet nowadays do unusually tiring war work, pounding hospital wards all night or trudging around a factory while their owner makes Valentines—tanks, of course, not the kind with lace edges. So with all this extra wear and tear please give feet and legs a little attention when you can.

If you're not used to standing, hard, uncomfortable layers of skin may form where they never formed before. While bathing, soap these spots and rub gently with pumice. Corns, the curse of tender feet, sometimes yield to home treatment. Soak the feet in warm water to which a large piece of common soda has been added. Dry thoroughly and rub toes with castor oil. After about 10 days' treatment corns should disappear. If they don't, make an appointment with a chiropodist or foot clinic immediately. If corns form between toes put a wisp of cotton wool between them (at the base) to relieve pressure.

A footnote from the Russian Ballet recommends rubbing feet with methylated spirits to prevent swelling and tenderness. When buying stockings make sure the feet are long enough, and if rayon allow for shrinking. Short stockings cause ingrown toenails. Swollen ankles, if they result from tiredness, will subside if rested on a cushion above head level. To strengthen foot arches walk around the bedroom on the outside edges of your bare feet.

And here's an excellent tip for stockingless legs: if you can't buy stocking make-up, sponge the legs with a few permanganate of potash crystals dissolved in warm water. But be sure to test on the sole of one foot first, because it won't wash off for days. Do this before a "special occasion" on which you want to look your nicest; yes, those "special occasions" to which we all look forward so much in these uneasy days, and for which we recommend that you save the small supplies of lovely Icilma Beauty Preparations you are able to buy just now.

Cut this out and keep it—*This and other talks to follow come to you with the good wishes of the makers of Icilma Beauty Products—Vanishing Cream, Cold Cream, Face Powder, Flesh-tinted Cream and Shampoos.*

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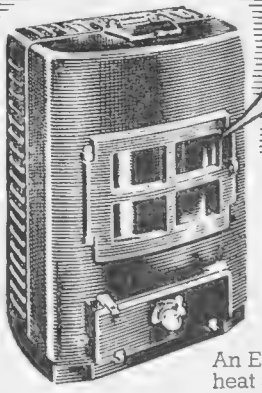

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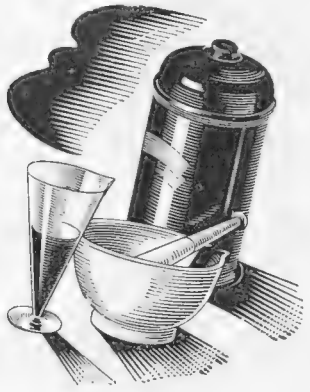

Chemists perform a vital National service. They comprise a highly important part of the machinery for maintaining the nation's health: the medical profession unhesitatingly relies upon them to dispense prescriptions accurately. They are authorities on toilet preparations as well as drugs, and their opinion is always worth attention. For over forty years they have been recommending—

Euthymol
TOOTH PASTE

Pepper And Salt

(*Continued from page 19*)

happy and all the tightness of the last few hours had gone out of his limbs. Tracer and shells were whanging skywards, but the heavy gunfire of the cruisers would be missed, as every man knew. The big fellows were on the job of watching out for surface raiders.

Susie II had no more steam heat out of those pipes, but her engines still held that steady majestic beat. Charlie moved about quickly, checking on guns and ammunition. He heard the roar of more, different, aircraft. Stukas were peeling off, ready for diving, and bigger aircraft were flying fast from the west.

"Heinkel II-Ks" said the skipper, lowering his glasses. "Ever seen a live aerial torpedo?"

"No, but I'd sure like to see a dead Heinkel," laughed Charlie.

Then things popped in a hurry like an old Keystone Cop Comedy, but not so funny. An F-W dived over the flagship and the sea spouted white as she dropped her bombs. Then she seemed to break into two even halves.

You couldn't take it in altogether. A freighter was hit by a stick of bombs. For a second her bridge was lit up by a sheet of orange and crimson lightning. Then she blew up. Cargo of T.N.T. The sea was mad now, writhing, churned, whipped by shells and bombs. F-Ws and Mes screamed and whirled. Great ugly wings beat the air. A Heinkel zoomed at a destroyer and died of a broken back in seconds.

The *Susie II* got hers from one of the torpedoes that her skipper had mentioned. The Heinkel came tearing towards them, then lifted her skirts like a can-can dancer. The torpedo hit the sea and darted madly forward, leaving a white feather of spray in its wake. Charlie was at the wheel and swung hard, but it was a doomed hope. Suddenly, his ears drummed noisily and he was aware of the sharp stench of cordite. He hit the boards hard and his head gonged sharply. He stared stupidly at the blood on his hand before struggling to his knees. He looked around dazedly and became aware that the engines had stopped. Voices throbbed in his ears.

"Jimmy," he heard himself saying. "Are you all right, kid?" There was no answer. Still moving on hands and knees, he groped towards the forward guns. He was shouting now, but the wind tore the words from his mouth.

Susie II was lurching in agony. Sirens whined thinly about her, but she was heeling violently. Suddenly her foredeck exploded angrily, sending up a crimson flare. Wreckage twisted out of her middle. Sharp voices were crying in pain, in rage, in command. Charlie got all that as he stumbled on. *Susie* was vibrating like a mad thing. He didn't know that men were trapped in her ruined boiler-room or that there was a wide-open gaping in her port side. He tripped over mangled steel and groaning men until he got to Jimmy.

The little Cockney still had his fingers on the triggers and his head was pressed down on the gun sights, but there was a funny slumping of his figure.

"Watcha, mate," he said faintly, and tried to smile as Charlie lifted his head, supporting him with an arm about his shoulders. "I think they scratched me on the shoulder, but they can't kill me!" With that, he raised himself wearily and began popping away at nothing.

"Okay, I'll take over," said Charlie, peering into the ring sights. "You get down one of them ropes into a boat." He could see them lowering the boats and saw Jimmy staggering towards the side. Then a great roar beat into his ears and a black shape zoomed across. For a split second he saw bomb racks, swastika, the grinning face of the Hun pilot. He saw the flash of white teeth and the thin dark moustache before machine gun bullets began chattering and pinging the deck. The men in the boat seemed to fold up like marionettes. With a quick jerk he pushed a shell into the breech and looked sharply across at Jimmy. He had just time to see him stagger and crumple with his hands to his stomach before the Me stalled and turned back. Charlie felt his stomach go cold against his ribs, but his fingers were firm on the rubber grips. He pressed hard and the stink of cordite sickened him. He could just see the Me hurtling into the sea before he was aware of choking from ammonia fumes, and hands pushing him.

He came to with a sudden shock. Icy water was clawing at his hips and he was gasping from the violent cold. He fumbled hastily and second nature kept him kicking. The water was still wild, but there was no roaring of aircraft. The *Susie II* was settling into the sea. Something knifed through his numb brain.

"Jimmy!" he shouted. "Jimmy!" But the wind was thrashing him and the words were tossed back in his face. He fought blindly in mountains of spume until his fingers touched a line and he felt friendly hands on his arms and shoulders.

"Now, take it easy," someone was saying. "Here, have a drink."

The Scotch bit his throat. He tried to speak, but there was a strangled feeling in his throat. He seemed to be floating.

The convoy got through all right, and in a day or two Charlie was pacing the bridge of the rescuing freighter. But there was no singing inside of him as the Russian cruisers came out to escort them and Red planes wheeled across the skies awaiting the Luftwaffe. The men cheered as they glimpsed Murmansk but Charlie merely waved gauchely. The Russian port meant nothing to him without Jimmy.

The return from Murmansk was more peaceful. Charlie's brain clicked on mechanically. He did his job soberly, but shrugged when someone congratulated him on pranging that Me while the *Susie II* was going down. Jimmy had done all the thinking for both of them and it was hard for a big clumsy fellow to sort things out. He was only conscious of a funny ache that stayed long after the vodka had blazed in his stomach.

HE was still in a daze when he left Buckingham Palace with his medal some three months later. He pushed his way through the crowd and got into a cab.

"Anywhere you damned please," he told the driver.

As the taxi dashed along the Mall he felt like crying. There would be another ship for him in a few days, but everything seemed empty. He hadn't the faintest idea what to do with himself in London without Jimmy Yes, there was one thing he must do before hitting the bottle good and plenty. He had discovered the address of Jimmy's next-of-kin. He would send her a few pounds; Jimmy would have done the same. Poor old lady. He took out a dirty envelope on which he had scrawled the address.

He rapped on the window. "Take me to this place," he said gruffly, passing the driver the envelope.

The cab wheeled sharply and headed for Waterloo Bridge. Charlie had an odd sense of elation. Yes, this was one job he could do for the kid. But, all too soon, the cab was groping uncertainly through dingy streets. It crunched to a standstill outside a mean little house in a faded row of cheerless villas. Charlie paid the driver with a note and didn't wait for the change. He hesitated only for a second before ringing the doorbell.

There was the tapping of a stick and then the door was opened. He saw a little old woman smiling up at him. She had a seamed skin and a strange fixed smile, but the chin was Jimmy's, and that funny alert air.

"Yes?" she asked quietly, still smiling.

He tilted his peaked cap and stepped back.

"My name's Farrar," he said uncertainly, "and I was a friend of Jimmy's." Her mouth seemed to droop, but that smile was still stiff on her face. He noticed for the first time that she leaned heavily on a stick. Strange how she kept staring at him.

"Please come in, Mr. Farrar," she said crisply. (*Continued on page 62*)

CHANEL

Chanel, for more than a decade, has been the perfume of the *élite*—used throughout fashionable society.

Owing to war-time conditions this wonderful perfume is not now available, but Chanel are doing everything possible to give their clientèle their favourite perfume in Chanel face powders, lipsticks and toilet soaps.

Chanel greet their great public and look forward to the brighter days when they will again have the pleasure of serving them.

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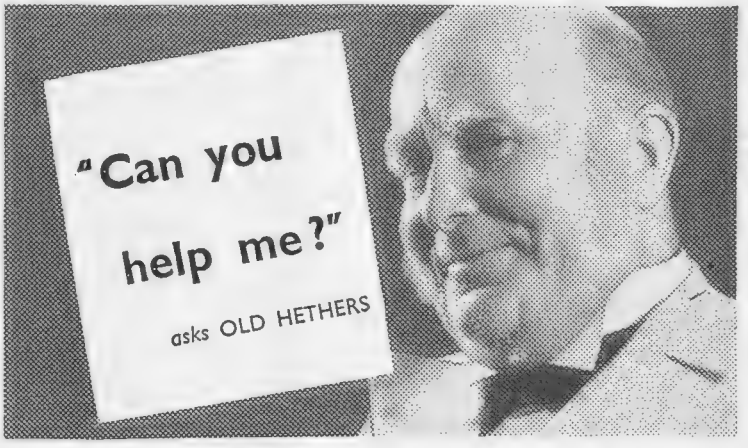

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Barley Water *made from*
ROBINSON'S
'PATENT' BARLEY

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P1

STOP THAT COLD WITH
VAPEX
A LITTLE GOES A LONG WAY

He followed her down a passage flanked by yellow cracked wallpaper. It was so dark that he could scarcely see, but Jimmy's old lady seemed to have no trouble finding her way. She led him into a room lit only by the embers of a poor fire. He could just pick out a basket-chair near the fire, the remains of a meal on the table, and a small radio set in the corner.

"Sit down, please," she said, groping round the table. "I was sure there was a box of matches here." Then it hit him suddenly, and his throat went dry. Blind.

He jumped up, flashed his torch and lit the gas. The room looked even more forlorn. He had a sudden feeling of hatred for Jimmy, but almost at once he softened. The boy hadn't known.

"I can't offer you a glass of beer, Mr. Farrar," the quiet voice was murmuring. "I'm sorry. Please tell me about my boy. The telegram didn't say much."

Charlie talked, trying hard to vault the painful things that would hurt. He was thankful that she couldn't see the way his hands were all over the place.

"Did he send me anything before he died in that Russian hospital?" she asked quietly.

The hospital touch was a rapid invention; he couldn't tell her about that icy water and the way those bullets had ripped the deck.

Pepper And Salt

Her question pierced his tired mind. With restless fingers he took his decoration from his jacket pocket and put it in her hand.

"I got this on Jimmy's behalf," he said gruffly. "And he certainly earned it!"

She fondled the medal for a minute and there was a softening in her face.

"I knew that boy wasn't bad, whatever they said," she remarked, almost in a whisper.

Charlie felt embarrassed. He looked away and his eyes fell on the radio set. He frowned. She wouldn't read the papers, but some darned announcer might say something on the news to-night. This old lady was no fool.

"I'm taking you out to dinner," he said with affected jauntiness. Then, after a little pause: "It was Jimmy's wish." He waved aside her protests.

"You get ready, ma, and I'll round up a taxi."

It was trying to rain and the street looked drabber than ever but, somehow, his blues had gone. He was whistling as he went into a florist's in the High Street.

"Gimme the biggest bunch of flowers in the joint," he said grandly.

He wasn't feeling lonely any more.

END

Books (*Continued from page* 41)

At the end of it all, Felix Macalister decides that wealth is not for his kind, and that he will be better back with his monkeys; but by that time the reader has had a feast of wit and wisdom, comedy and romance, and the satisfaction of knowing that lovely Dea, at any rate, carries over as bride because "if a man and a woman loved each other, they had at least a strong defence against circumstances." This tale of a city's social background is a gift to the sophisticated, the civilised, the artistic, the blest, the—the—well, read about the monkeys, anyway . . .

TOM MATHIESON of Mr. Neil M. Gunn's "The Serpent" (Faber, 6s. 6d.) is a philosopher who does his mooning in the Highlands, pondering his past; and he has something to moon about, for he left his Highland croft in the '80s for Glasgow, returning as a free thinker whom the village called Tom the atheist and Tom the serpent before Tom the philosopher; furthermore, did he not conceive a passion for the serious-eyed Janet, and a brooding melancholy after she was seduced by the son of the manse? For background we have the crofter's life of half a century ago, the old philosopher's beloved moor with its beauty and solitude. This is a quiet, contemplative story with an earnest literary quality as characteristic of Scotland as its best liqueur whisky.

THREE women occupy the foreground of a Suffolk village landscape in wartime in Miss Leonora Starr's "To Keep For Ever" (Herbert Jenkins, 7s. 6d.). Susan, the vicar's stepdaughter, who puts love above everything; her mother, the vicar's wife, who worships money, success, social position; Caroline Lindsay, who reverences: "Courage. Kindness. Tolerance. Love of the little things of life. Ability to see events against the background of eternity"—and still reverences these and honour when tempted to be unfaithful to husband and children by the kind of wooer who says, and means it: "I think you're just the sweetest and most wonderful thing that ever happened in the whole of space since time began." (!) Susan humbly, dutifully, renounces love, to find it again in the end; she gets, too, the things her mother so vainly coveted but missed, so there is a homely moral to the tale. The homely minded, indeed, will love it; I can see it being warmly and simply praised in Women's Institute and suburban lending library.

ISN'T there a story in that Victorian group photograph in the family album, flanked by aspidistras? Father, mother, the children grown and growing . . . the way the family branched out from these shoots, in varying directions and with varied fortune? Miss Marjorie Appleton has built up an absorbing one from an 1869 group in "Under One Roof" (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.), which traces the lives of Josiah and Susan Wicks's seven grandchildren up to the night in 1939 when they converge on a London theatre, see a play written by a family connection, do not know each other, and fail to recognise the theme of it as akin to their own family evolution. The conclusion is so deliciously ironic that one forgives the author for pushing them all into the same show the same night from such diverse environments, to see a play also entitled *Under One Roof*. She writes well, and is lavish with characters.

AN unusual, cleverly schemed thriller is Mr. John Creasey's "Inspector West Leaves Town" (Stanley Paul, 8s. 6d.). This time sleuth "Handsome" and his amateur assistant, Lessing, collector of old china, get on the trail of a vain, conceited Count who thinks the police fear to arrest him because he can blackmail people in high places, and who always makes his getaway because he is warned in time by a confederate playing the Warsaw Concerto on a harmonica! To say more would be saying too much. Creasey's women are real—a rare attribute in crime thrillers.

THE West Central Jewish Club in Alfred Place had nearly completed fifty years' good work when it was blitzed in April, 1941. The Hon. Lily H. Montagu, J.P., who helped to found it, tells its story in "My Club and I" (Herbert Joseph, 6s.) and reaffirms, for to-morrow, its ideals of religious thought and social service which will be perpetuated elsewhere. As Club Leader she was an inspiration to many; a wider public interested in the club movement will welcome her book.

END

Atlantic Crossing (*Continued from page* 28)

first cold light of a new day was flooding the eastern sky.

The fifth night was the worst. A sudden gale made the sea heavy and the visibility gradually decreased until they could only see two hundred yards ahead of them. A succession of rain squalls soaked them to the skin, leaving them cold, shaken and miserable. Jo, in her borrowed coat and a rug tied round her waist for a (*Continued on page* 64)

EST. 1742

WHITBREAD

& CO. LTD.

Brewers
of ale and stout
for over two centuries

"The perfect fabric for sensitive skins" is just another peace-time way of saying Meridian—and that is why Meridian has, for so long, been chosen by mothers and approved by daughters. Nowadays it has to conform to "Utility" specification, but the name "Meridian" stands for a lot.

J. B. LEWIS & SONS LTD., Nottingham. *Estd. 1815.* Suppliers to the Wholesale Trade

KB
RADIO AND TELEVISION

K.B. sets have necessarily been in short supply during the war but intensive research has never ceased. Your post-war K.B. Radio and Television Sets will set a new standard in efficiency and design.

KOLSTER-BRANDES LIMITED
FOOTS CRAY, KENT

*ARISTILE (Lisle)
*RAYSTOC (Rayon)
*UTILITY (Rayon & Lisle)

Supplies are limited. Fair shares are distributed to all ARISTOC *dealers*

*AS GOOD AS WARTIME STOCKINGS CAN BE

Harvest Time in
CHIVERS' ORCHARDS

"Some folk seem to think that fruit just grows. Well it does and it doesn't. To get Plums, Strawberries or Raspberries like ours means hard work all the year round and you've got to know your job. Our factory people over the road know theirs too—for they certainly seem to make Chivers Jam the way most people like it, even though it now has to fit in with war-time standards." Farmers are short of hands this year for harvesting, so if there are farms or orchards near, do offer *YOUR* help *NOW*.

Sorry, no more Chivers Jellies until Victory is won but

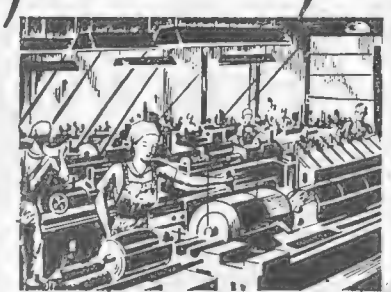
CHIVERS JAMS & MARMALADE

still available in most districts are prepared in the heart of the Country at

HISTON (*just outside*) **CAMBRIDGE**

J.382

First THINGS *First*



MAZDA Lighting Engineers are busy helping to win the war and their work has revealed new developments and improvements in the science of lighting. These discoveries will lead to notable advances in domestic lighting which will be made available to the public when the "cease fire" sounds.

Use

MAZDA LAMPS

They Stay Bright Longer

The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., Crown House, Aldwych, London, W.C.2

3989

skirt, huddled against her sister and munched her last ship's biscuit of the previous day. Their rations were running low, the brandy was finished, although neither of the sisters had drunk any of it. Crouched in the stern, the officer licked the salt from his lips and glanced at his compass. I wonder how long they can stand it, he thought; I wonder how long I can stand it . . .

The icy wind tore and bit at his face. His fingers were numb on the wooden tiller.

In the morning they found that they were alone.

The officer saw it first. A black speck on the horizon that might have been a rock or an island . . . or a ship. With trembling fingers he lifted the distress pistol and fired. Now, he thought, now they'll see us, and if they don't we're done!

As the rocket soared upwards and burst into coloured lights, he found himself praying. At his feet the woman who had once borne a child looked down at the crumpled, empty shawl and joined her supplication to his.

"O Merciful Lord——"

Around them stretched the endless unfathomable sea.

And then the speck grew larger and they knew they were saved.

From the corvette which picked them up they were transferred to a cruiser, and thence to several merchantmen which carried them to England. They were happy in these ships, each in their different way. Their crews who knew the sea, its kindness and its cruelty, knew also how to treat these human souls who had been rescued from the sea. To Jo and Peggy they were cheerful and amusing, giving them cigarettes and refilling the precious flask. To the mother who was now no longer a mother they did not say much, respecting her sorrow and yet giving her

Atlantic Crossing

happiness by their quiet understanding and sympathy.

The two sisters sat in front of the Wren commandant's desk. They felt distinctly nervous now that the crucial moment had arrived. The officer looked across at them and smiled.

"I gather you had a pretty exciting trip?"

"We're here," said Jo, "that's the main thing. When do we start work?"

The officer made a note on the pad in front of her.

"You go on a month's leave first—survivor's leave!"

"Have you heard any news of the rest of the boats?" asked Peggy.

"They were all picked up—the day before you."

"Nice work."

"Attaboy!"

And then Jo asked the question which had been worrying them both ever since they left South America.

"I'm afraid we don't know much about the Navy and the sea," she said; "does that matter?"

The officer did not answer for a moment. She was trying to imagine an open boat alone in the middle of the Atlantic at night, and two girls working to save the lives of the wounded men who lay in her bows. She had received reports of what had happened only that morning, and they were still vivid in her memory. When at last she spoke there was a note of wistfulness, almost of envy, in her voice:—

"I wish I knew half as much about them as you do," she said.

END

Stockings and Matching Gloves

(*Continued from page* 37)

k. 6 from left needle. Turn. P. 16, cast on 2 sts. Work stocking st. for 30 rows. Finish as thumb.

3rd Finger.—Pick up 2 sts. from 2nd finger (although there was only 1 cast on). With right side facing k. 6 from left-hand needle. Turn. P. 14 sts. Turn. Cast on 4 sts. Work stocking st. on these 16 sts. for 28 rows. Finish as thumb.

4th Finger.—Pick up 3 sts. from 3rd finger. K. across other st. P. 15 sts. Continue stocking st. on these 15 sts. for 22 rows. Finish as thumb.

THE RIGHT HAND

Cast on and work as left, putting rib at opposite side (k. 28 sts. before working 1st row of rib). Put thumb and fingers at opposite side.

THE STOCKINGS

Cast on 35 sts. on each of 2 needles and 36 on 3rd (106 sts.). Work rib for 2½ ins. Now work rib as back of glove but start row as follows: * k. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1; rep. from *, ending row k. 1, sl. 1, k. 1, then p. last st. for seam st. Mark seam st. with end of contrast wool.

2nd Round.—K. 1, p. 1 all round. Rep. these 2 rounds, rib for 1 in. Now dec. as follows: k. 1, k. 2 tog., rib to within 4 sts. of end of round; k. 2 tog., k. 1, then p. seam st. Work 3 rounds without dec. (keeping pattern), then dec. in same places and continue this dec. every 4th row until there are 78 st. Now work straight until work is 17 ins. Now dec. every 6th round until there are 54 sts.

Work straight until work measures 26 ins. Now shape heel as follows: k. 14 sts. Sl. the last 14 of round (of 3rd needle) on to other end of same needle (these 28 sts. are for heel). Divide the remaining sts. on to 2 needles and leave for instep. Continue on the heel sts. in alternate rows of k. and p., always slipping the 1st, 3rd, 5th st. and so on of every k. row to make a reinforced heel, for 23 rows. To turn the heel, k. 18, sts., k. 2 tog., turn, p. 8, k. 2 tog., turn, p. 9, p. 2 tog., turn, k. 10, k. 2 tog., turn, p. 11, p. 2 tog., turn, k. 12, k. 2 tog., turn. Continue in this manner until all the sts. are worked on one row again (16 sts.). K. back 8 sts. (finishing heel). Sl. all the instep sts. on to 1 needle again. With a spare needle, k. remaining 8 heel sts. K. up 13 sts. from the side of heel. With a 2nd needle, k. across the instep sts. With a 3rd needle, k. up 13 sts. from other side of heel, and the remaining 10 heel sts. Shape instep as follows:—

1st row.—Rib. **2nd row.**—Rib to the last 3 sts. of 1st needle; k. 2 tog., work 1 st. Rib 2nd needle without shaping. On 3rd needle, k. 1, k. 2 tog. through back of loops, rib to end. Rep. these 2 rounds until 13 sts. are left on each of 1st and 3rd needles. Continue without shaping until foot measures (from where the sts. were knitted up at heel) 6½ ins. for a 9-in. foot (or shorter or longer as wanted). Sl. the 1st st. of the 2nd needle on to end of 1st needle. Shape toe as follows (discontinue rib):—

1st round.—K. to the last 3 sts. of 1st needle, k. 2 tog., k. 1. On 2nd needle, k. 1, k. 2 tog. through the back of the loops. K. to the last 3 sts. K. 2 tog., k. 1 on 3rd needle, k. 1, k. 2 tog. through the back of loops. K. to end of needle.

2nd and 3rd rounds.—K. without shaping. Rep. these rounds until 30 sts. remain in the round. K. 1 round. K. the sts. of 1st needle on 3rd needle. Cast off the sts. from the 2 needles tog.

END

Twin Set Spotted

(*Continued from page* 37)

these sts. Cast off.

THE RIGHT FRONT

Cast on and work as left for 4 rows. Now work a buttonhole as follows: work 4 sts. Cast off 4, work to end.

Next row.—Work up to casting off, turn, cast on 4 sts., turn, work to end. When 3 ins. are worked, (*Continued on page* 66)

Out of sight...

BUT NOT OUT OF MIND

IDRIS DISAPPEARS... TEMPORARILY

IDRIS has done the disappearing act. It has gone (but only for a while) from your tables and is replaced by the standard National Brand of soft drinks. IDRIS will be absent, fortunately, for only as long as the war lasts. With the peace IDRIS will resume its role as Dispeller of Thirst No. 1 with its cooling delicious flavour and superb quality. Out of sight, yes—but we believe, not out of mind.

DON'T FORGET

IDRIS

Table Waters

BY APPOINTMENT

IDRIS LIMITED, LONDON, MAKERS OF QUALITY TABLE WATERS THROUGH FIVE SUCCESSIVE REIGNS

TO THE WOMEN OF ENGLAND

—women who have left their homes and friends and familiar surroundings to don a uniform and take any job they can do—from ferrying a four-engine bomber to peeling potatoes!

—women who have worked on at their factory benches, unperturbed by the sirens screaming.

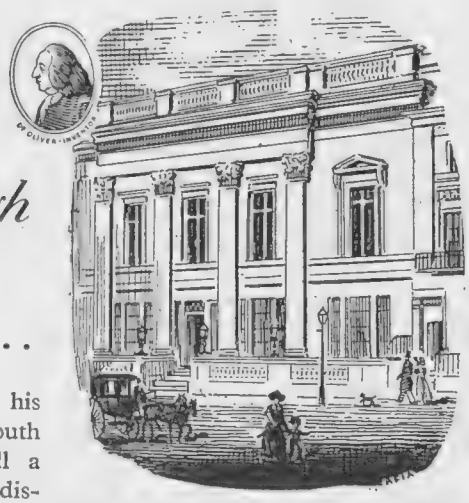
And, too, the women who are doing a double job in this war; who, day after day, run their homes and yet do war work as well; who cope with shopping queues and cooking and cleaning, yet turn up for their shift at the factory smiling—to help uphold this country's proud record, of the greatest production per head of population of any country in the world!

In succeeding spaces we intend to pay tribute to the millions of women who have joined the Services, and entered the factories as whole or part-time war-workers, and say to all—

Salute!

FROM HOOVER

HOOVER LIMITED, PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI AND H.M. QUEEN MARY

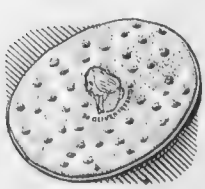


Crockford's Clubhouse, London (from an old engraving)

Through ***nine*** *reigns...*

Walpole was in his heyday and the South Sea Bubble still a piquant topic of discussion when *Fortts Bath Oliver Biscuits* first figured on the bill-of-fare of famous Clubs and gatherings of the quality. Two hundred years of time and change find these famous biscuits still the same unique production as that introduced by Dr. Oliver to Bath's fashionable circles in 1735. To-day, wartime demands have affected distribution to the public. But there should be plenty for everyone again when full production is resumed after the war.

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE KING GEORGE V.



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BATH OLIVER

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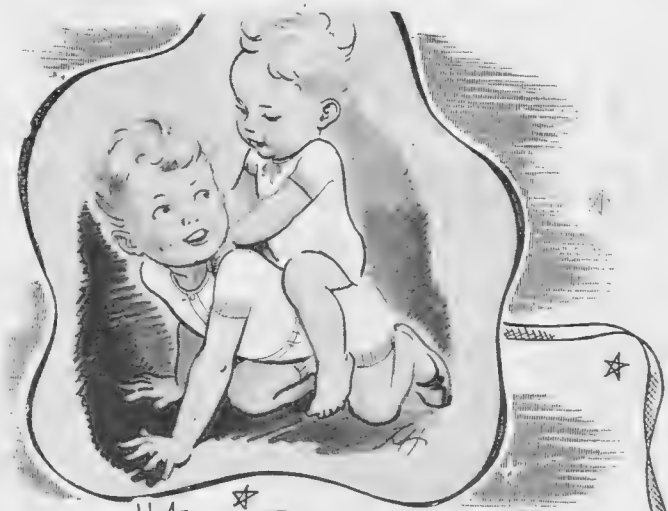


Quality

...a necessity when supplies are limited

The output of Chilprufe PURE WOOL is now confined solely to a range of essential garments for Infants and Young Children. In spite of difficulties, we, and your draper, are maintaining fair and equitable distribution.

CHILPRUFE REGD

MADE SOLELY FOR INFANTS AND YOUNG CHILDREN

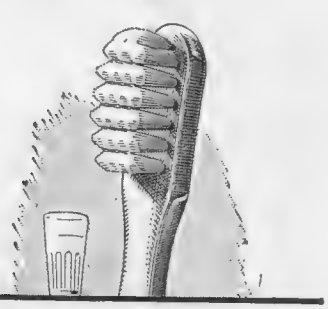
CHILPRUFE LIMITED
Governing Director: JOHN A. BOLTON
LEICESTER

SUPPLIES of 'SANATOGEN' Nerve-Tonic Food are not as plentiful as they were before the war. But it *is* still being made. Ask your chemist for it; even if he cannot supply you immediately, he will be getting his share of 'SANATOGEN' at regular intervals, and will see that you get *your* share.

'SANATOGEN'
Regd. Trade Mark
NERVE-TONIC FOOD
In one size only — 6/6d.
A 'GENATOSAN' Product

TEETH ARE RATIONED

The teeth we have now must last a lifetime: there is no re-issue. Obviously, then, we must do everything possible to preserve them. Thorough brushing after every meal is a precaution open to us all: but brushing with a toothbrush that fails to reach the entire surface of every tooth or that fails to remove the particles of food lodged in the crevices between the teeth, is inefficient. Tek is scientifically designed to fit every mouth, to clean every tooth and every part of every tooth.



Tek MADE IN ENGLAND

BRISTLES 2/- *Plus Purchase Tax* 5D
NYLON 1/8 *Plus Purchase Tax* 4D

Made and guaranteed by
JOHNSON & JOHNSON (*Gt. Britain*) *Ltd*
Slough and Gargrave T9

keep rib border at right side and continue to correspond to left front, repeating the buttonhole every 1½ ins. until the decreasing inside rib border starts.

SLEEVES (2 alike)

Cast on 50 sts. with rust. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3 ins. Now work stocking st. for 10 rows, at same time making a st. at beg. and end of 1st and every 4th row after (56 sts.). Now start working blue spots as follows (use different ball of blue for each spot):—

1st row.—K. 9 sts. in coffee, join in blue and k. 3 blue, 15 rust (taking rust loosely behind blue), 3 blue, 15 rust, 3 blue, 8 rust.

2nd row.—P. 7 rust, 5 blue, 13 rust, 5 blue, 13 rust, 5 blue, 8 rust.

3rd row.—K. twice into 1st st., then work 6 rust, 7 blue, 11 rust, 7 blue, 11 rust, 7 blue, 5 rust, work twice into last st.

4th row.—P. Use colours as on needle.

5th and 6th rows.—Use colours as on needle.

7th row.—K., using colours as 2nd.

8th row.—P., using colours as 1st.

Work 12 rows all rust, continuing the increasing on every 6th row (not 4th). Now work spots between those already worked. Then continue in rust until there are 78 sts. Work straight until side seams are 18 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 24 sts. Cast off.

THE POCKET

Cast on 35 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib in rust for 1 in. Change to stocking st. and work 4 rows. Now work spots as follows :—

1st row.—K. 6 rust, 4 blue, 15 rust, 4 blue, 6 rust. Continue as cuff.

Work 12 rows rust stocking st., then one spot at centre. Work 8 rows stocking st. Cast off.

THE JERSEY

THE FRONT

With blue wool cast on 103 sts. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3 ins. Change to stocking st. and work 2 rows. Now work rust spots as follows (taking blue behind rust loosely) :—

1st row.—K. 2 blue, 3 rust, 29 blue, 3 rust, 29 blue, 3 rust, 29 blue, 3 rust, 2 blue.

2nd row.—P. 1 blue, 5 rust, 27 blue, 5 rust, 27 blue, 5 rust, 27 blue, 5 rust, 1 blue.

3rd row.—K. 7 rust, 25 blue, 7 rust, 25 blue, 7 rust, 25 blue, 7 rust.

4th row.—P. Colours as on needle.

Repeat 3rd and 4th rows.

7th row.—K. Colours as 2nd.

8th row.—P. Colours as 1st.

M. 1 st. at beg. and end of next and every 4th row until further notce, and work all blue stocking st. for 28 rows. Now work the spots between the first line. Now work 28 rows all blue. Now work spots above the 1st row. Continue in this manner until there are 119 sts. Now work straight until side seams are 14 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 91 sts. Work straight until armholes are 6 ins. round curve. Now work 38 sts., cast off 15, work 38. Continue spots on these 38 sts. and k. 2 tog. at neck edge on every row until there are 28 sts. Work straight until armhole is 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at outside edge on every other row 3 times. Work other side the same.

THE BACK

Work as front until armholes are 4 ins. round curve. Now work on half the sts. (k. 2 tog. at centre to make 45) until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 7 sts. at outside edge on every other row until there are 17 sts. left. Cast off. Work other half the same. Sew up shoulder seams. Pick up 92 sts. round neck with No. 12 needles and work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 1 in. Pick up 32 sts. down left back opening and work all k. for 4 rows. Cast off. Do the same to right side, but on 3rd row work buttonholes as follows :

Starting at top, k. 2 sts., k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 11, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 11, k. 2 tog., w.fd., k. 2. Work 2 more rows. Cast off.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

Cast on 71 sts. in blue. Work k. 1, p. 1 rib for 1½ ins. Change to stocking st. and work 2 rows. Now work spots as front, only having 3 spots instead of 4. When work measures 4 ins. from casting on, k. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until there are 24 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press well. Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew on buttons.

LARGER SIZES

Jersey, 36-in. Bust

Cast on 111 sts. for back and front instead of 103, and therefore having 4 sts. extra at beg. and end of row when working spots. Increase to 127 sts. instead of 119. Reduce to 91 sts. for shoulders and finish as 34 size.

THE CARDIGAN

BACK

Cast on 106 sts. instead of 98 and increase to 132 sts. instead of 124. Reduce to 90 sts. for shoulder and finish as 34 size.

THE FRONTS

Cast on 58 sts. instead of 54 and increase to 71 sts. instead of 67. Decrease at armhole 21 times instead of 17 and finish as 34 size.

THE SLEEVES

Cast on 60 sts. instead of 50. Have 5 more sts. at each end of row when working spots. Increase to 88 sts. instead of 78, and have 34 sts. to cast off at finish.

38 Size

Work as 36 size, using No. 9 needles instead of No. 10.

END

When Winter Comes

(*Continued from page 20*)

lifetime above ground. Its retreat is a flattened-out chamber in the growing herbage where a few stems and stalks are the only shelter it has from the wintry weather. Furthermore, the hare is a solitary creature and does not get the advantages of communal life such as are enjoyed by **RABBITS.** Yet, baby rabbits are not born, as is commonly supposed, in the warren, but in a nursery prepared by the mother herself. Here they live until they are self-supporting, and then, prompted by their gregarious nature, join the nearest colony. Weather does not greatly affect rabbit breeding, and it is not unusual to find newly born litters in late autumn. Many of these late-born youngsters, however, fall victims to that slim little bandit, the **STOAT,** whose winter dietary includes rats, mice and voles, as well as rabbits. Actually, the stoat is an ally of food production and deserves every protection we can afford it. In its wholesale destruction of rodents it does a work comparable to that of many labourers. Its source of food supply is not affected by the coming of winter for the lithe little creatures can hunt down their quarry irrespective of the weather.

END

The Coming Of The Locust

(*Continued from page 29*)

and spread like a thick fog over the land, until the sun is almost blotted out. A faintly ominous hum deepens into a roaring storm as a shower of shining flakes falls like hail upon the ground to consume and devour the whole countryside and leave ruin and famine in its winged wake.

As a result of the Palestine visitation of 1930, an international war was declared upon the locust. Great Britain, France, and Italy established an International Bureau of Intelligence on Locusts. Its headquarters are the Imperial Institute of Entomology in South Kensington. Here reports are received from sixteen British colonies and dependencies and some twenty-five foreign countries concerning locusts. These are analysed and correlated in order to trace their breeding places,

their routes, and also the cause of their visitations.

From this information, and from reports received from the Sudan and other countries, a locust invasion of the Middle East was not only due, but likely to materialise any time in the near future. Realising what that would mean now that we are at war, a special conference was set up to deal with the problem and it has been meeting in Cairo. Among its members are some of the leading entomologists and naturalists in the Empire.

Very little can be done in destroying these insects once they can fly. Hence every effort is made to find and destroy their eggs, and also the young, when they are in the "hopper" or nymph stage. A locust is wingless for the first forty days of its existence, but it is nevertheless exceedingly destructive. When first hatched the little fellows hold together for a few days till somewhat developed and in sufficient numbers, when they begin their march forward like a well-drilled army, covering from 400 to 600 feet a day, clearing the ground of any vegetation before them.

The fertility of the locust is amazing. Each female lays about a hundred eggs, and it is computed that in a square yard of ground as many as 75,000 are often deposited. Allowing for a loss of thirty per cent in hatching, that means some 50,000 destroyers can emerge from a space thirty-six inches square. The eggs are laid in the ground to a depth of five or six inches, and often in hard soil. How so small and frail a creature as a locust can accomplish this is one of the marvels of nature. She evidently has the ability to stretch or lengthen her ovipositors, pressing her body into the hole till the required depth is reached. The eggs are deposited in the bottom of the hole, neatly arranged in a long, cylindrical mass. Once the female has laid her eggs, her life mission is done. She flies away —where to one cannot say—and soon dies.

The most effective way of destroying the eggs is by ploughing the ground, for once exposed to the air, the eggs never hatch.

END

Fashions That Sprang From War

(*Continued from page 25*)

took the hint so tactfully given and arrived home with his sore healed and the scarlet gown to rejoice the heart of his loving little wife.

It was after the Civil War of the seventeenth century that men's clothes changed their silhouette completely. Gone were the doublet and hose, the padded breeches and short cloaks so gallantly worn by the Elizabethans, and in their place appeared the coat and waistcoat worn over elegant knee breeches.

The Cavalier, in contrast with the Puritan, was bedecked with ribbons, lace and feathers, fine linen ruffled, and cloaks bedizened with gold cord and jewels. Shoes were broad in the toe and high in the heel, with the inevitable cluster of ribbon to add to their attraction. It was the diarist Evelyn who appears to have worked the oracle, and introduced the Persian coat to Charles II, who, in an access of thrift, decided to change the fashion of men's garments. When the ashes of the first great fire of London were scarcely cool, Charles and his brother, the Duke of York, first appeared in coat and waistcoat. Pepys, that inimitable philanderer, thus describes this remarkable innovation. "It was a long cassock close to the body, of black cloth pinked with white silk under it, and a coat over, and the legs fluffed with black like a pigeon's legs." Not a very flattering description from the son of a tailor, but doubtless very apt.

The fardingale, so beloved by Queen Elizabeth and Anne of Denmark, queen of James I, had a great-great-granddaughter in the hoop, worn during the greater part of the eighteenth century. This monstrous contraption was introduced into England during the reign of Queen Anne from a sinister motive. It was during the war with France that the first hoop was smuggled over by our foes to give it an added glamour, with the idea that our climate being colder and damper than that of France, the British women—who dearly loved a novelty—would contract rheumatism and other ailments from wearing it. But English women are hardier than their French sisters, and apart from a few colds we are told that no harm came from the fashion that decidedly "caught on." In fact, it grew in size and elaboration until women looked like living mountains walking about.

Perhaps the greatest change in woman's garments came after the French Revolution, and Napoleon's subsequent attempt to conquer the world. M'lady, from being clad literally in hoops of steel, discarded as many garments as possible and appeared in a clinging transparent muslin or cotton gown worn over pink tights. To this was added an enormous turban trimmed with a plethora of feathers—a fashion originating with Marie Antoinette, who, in a merry moment, fastened some peacock's feathers in her hair. She so liked the effect that she continued to wear them.

Even men's garments took a new shape after the battle of Waterloo, for knee breeches declined in favour, and trousers took their place in all their hideousness. Headed by Beau Brummel, friend of the Prince Regent, they became the correct wear for all instead of, as previously, only being worn by French soldiers or sansculottes.

Travel-stained and weary soldiers returning from the Crimea, with the memory of the Lady of the Lamp still fresh in their minds, must have been alarmed when they beheld their beloved Arabella imprisoned in a steel cage, instead of the eight or nine petticoats she had worn when they went away. True there had been talk of the crinoline before then, but few maidens had dared to venture out in one, at times they were most embarrassing!

Punch, with Tenniel and Leech wielding their ink-stained swords of ridicule, attempted to curtail this alarming spread of steel, whalebone, cane, iron, or gutta-percha, but only succeeded in making it more popular.

END

When Peace Returns

(*Continued from page 13*)

Clipper, linking for the first time in one flight the four continents of North America, Europe, Africa and South America, covering 11,348 miles in nine minutes under eighty hours, and flying one 3,120-mile ocean gap between Bolama in Portuguese Guinea, and Port of Spain in Trinidad, non-stop. It happened when Vice-President Wallace travelled Colombia, Chili, Bolivia, Ecuador and back to Colombia, 7,000 miles in six weeks in a regular transport plane.

It happened when a fleet of commercial transports, flying mainly by instruments in bad weather, shuttled over the 17,000-foot mountains, moving from the Irrawaddy Valley in Burma 5,000 sick and wounded troops and civilians, men, women and children, ten days of it and not a plane lost or a passenger bruised.

It happened as early as '41, when the Harriman mission was flown around the globe, 26,418 miles, in 121 hours. It happened again when Willkie in thirty days ranged the world, from America to Britain, Egypt, Turkey, Palestine, Iran, Russia, China, and home by way of Siberia and Alaska. And when Dr. Evatt flew via the Pacific from Sydney to Washington in thirty-six flying hours, and later came on to England overnight, arriving in London at 2 p.m., having a bath and a shave, and going on at five o'clock to Downing Street to sit in at a two-hour session of the War Cabinet. (*Continued on page 68*)

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

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Venereal VD Diseases

This is an extract from one of the many letters received and permission has been given by the writer to use this extract.

"Are you ever properly cured?"

"Just after he had gone back I received a letter . . . saying that he was . . . suffering from gonorrhœa . . . After a test I was told that I also was suffering from it . . . could you tell me if this disease can at any time come back in the way of a relapse as I have heard people say it can, that you are never properly cured, but don't you think I stand a good chance with going to the clinic in the early stages? . ."

The Doctor replies:

"You need not worry. The doctors can cure Venereal Diseases completely if they are given a fair chance. All you must be sure to do is to continue going to the clinic as you so sensibly did in the early stages. If you do this and continue until the doctor treating you says you are cured, you need not fear a return of the disease after cure. But you will realise that you can catch the disease again even after your present infection has been cured. That means that your husband must also get completely cured. The Army specialist who is treating him will tell him when he is cured."

FREE CONFIDENTIAL ADVICE AND TREATMENT ARE AVAILABLE at clinics set up by County and County Borough Councils. Any doctor will give the address. Further information can be obtained IN CONFIDENCE from the Health Department at your local Council's offices, or by writing to the Medical Adviser, Central Council for Health Education, Dept. M-9 WM, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.1. All replies are sent in plain envelopes.

THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH — THE CENTRAL COUNCIL FOR HEALTH EDUCATION

Issued by the Ministry of Health and Central Council for Health Education

(M-9-30)

It's happening all the time now as the huge flying trucks boom down the wartime airways across the Pacific and the Atlantic, and Africa and the Indian Ocean, loaded with mission men, and troops, and critical material for armies in China and Russia, the Mediterranean, the Middle East, India and Australia.

But it's all happened so fast—men have been dropped down with their tools at the end of parachutes to hack the first clearings in steamy jungles for runways, and blast the top off a glacier to make an airfield—that to get close to it one needs to live awhile in one of the huge new airports, like the one on the Brazilian bulge opposite the bulge of Africa, with its thousands of pilots, navigators, mechanics, radio operators, headquarters personnel, or talk to one of those pilots of the Air Transport Command who keep their little bags packed for a 20,000-mile trip at fifteen minutes' notice, leave laundry in a couple of continents one week, and pick it up the next.

Then you can glimpse the shape of tomorrow, and you see the big bombers with a new eye as only cargo-carriers, hotted-up and gunned, and the enormous and terrifying crash of their loads fades to the sound of wind flowing sweetly over a smooth metal wing moulded like a duck's.

From a Lancaster weight-carrier, a Mars boat weighing seventy tons and flying 7,000 miles, and one of those Liberator C-87 expresses which Captain W. S. May, of the B.O.A.C., flew from Newfoundland to a British airfield, with its full load of twenty-eight tons, in seven hours and forty minutes, back to the first flying machine which staggered off the ground and flew 120 feet in twelve seconds, stretches forty years, half a man's lifetime. But the Wright brothers heard the same wind wooshing over the same wing.

For unlike Hiram Maxim, who spent a fortune trying to invent a flying machine and gave it up in disgust, and the learned Professor Langley, head of the Smithsonian Institute, who spent a large U.S. Congress grant on building two aeroplanes which convincingly demonstrated the impossibility of mechanical flight by crashing with their pilot before assemblies of most of the domed heads of America, Wilbur and Orville in the little workshop behind their bicycle shop at Dayton thought out the problem of flying as simply and directly as those profound but simple and untutored minds worked which gave man the plough and the wheel.

Indeed, their thinking was so simple that it's remarkable they were not anticipated by Archimedes helped by a carpenter, or Leonardo da Vinci aided by an Italian cabinet maker. They may indeed have been anticipated by some old Greek whose materials may have been defective, so that out of the incredible, a man flying like a bird, grew the myth of Daedalos and Icarus, and their wings of feathers united by wax, which flew the father safely from Crete to Sicily, but let the son fall into the sea.

For there's nothing in a sail-plane, or glider, that the ancients could not have made with the materials they had. All they had to do was to observe the birds taking off and landing, and think about the flow of air against a wing. There lies the whole secret of flight.

The simple genius of the Wright brothers discerned that, and from the first they knew exactly what they were doing. In the wind tunnel they rigged up in their workshop they found the right wing design, and formulating their own air-screw theory, they calculated that if they could get their propellers to run at 305 revolutions a minute, they would get sustained flight—actually they were 1 per cent out, and had a margin of three revolutions a minute in their favour.

They worked out lateral control by wing warping, and devised a vertical rudder to iron out the unequal lifts of the two wing-tips, which uncorrected throw an aeroplane out of control. When they pushed out their rickety biplane on that gusty morning of December 17, 1903, on the beach at Kitty Hawk, New Carolina, and Orville streamlined himself by lying prone on the centre of the lower wing, they *knew* they would fulfil man's long dream of flight: and they did.

When Peace Returns

World War I gave a great impetus to motor development, and after the war aircraft men took to thinking that it was not wings but an electric spark that had enabled man to fly. They lost the straight line of advance from the simple, penetrating minds of the first flying men, and progress was slowed because post-war planes were not being moulded to the dictates of air flow. Air clung to wings and retarded speed and diminished lift. Designers still mounted their power plant on top of wings, where it offered an immense amount of resistance to forward speed.

But unsteadily the advance continued.

In 1927 Lindbergh flew from New York to Paris in a plane whose engine was fired by a single magneto (safety-first regulations wouldn't let a plane leave British ground with less than two magnetos), and twelve years later the Yankee Clipper took off from Port Washington with a full crew and two stewards but no passengers, and landed in Horta harbour, on the hydrangea-covered coast of Fayal Island, Azores, thirteen hours and twenty minutes later, on schedule time to the minute. The air age was on the way—and so were Hitler and the next war.

Those two more than any other factor got men back on the straight line of approach and boosted the progress curve upwards. Searching urgently for more speed and greater lift and range, the designers got a wing with internal bracing and no external supporting struts, and they got the power units inside the wing, and so at last, along the road of aerodynamics instead of motors, they got back to the solution of flight which took Nature a few millions of years to evolve.

Birds which must rise fast but need fly only short ranges Nature built with wide stubby wings, but observe what Nature did for the long-distance fliers, the ducks—she built them with long narrow wings, and they have to take off slowly. The aeronautical engineers gave those wings fancy terms, but they're still the same wings. On a heavy bomber like a Fortress they look oddly narrow, but they're right for the job. More powerful motors, made of new metal alloys, giving more power for less weight in a smaller space, and a more potent fuel extracted from oil by teams of chemists and engineers working in new-type refining plants, did the rest.

To-day the war god is winged, and to-morrow the armies will all be air-borne. The Germans pioneered that with their Ju 52s, flying guns, shells, petrol, tanks, and men, and with their gliders. The British and Americans with their superior engineering and factory capacity have now gone several better. The world policing army of the future will be carried in skyships, two thousand big air transports picking up a streamlined army of a quarter million one day and dumping them on a battlefield 3,000 miles away next morning. The heavy stuff will follow in giant gliders, big brothers of those which were towed non-stop to Africa, and have since been towed across the Atlantic.

With peace, we shall see this not as a war development, but as a military utilisation of the powered wing, just as earlier we saw armies geared to the motor transport developed by commercial enterprise and economic necessities. The powered wing remains for man to use any way he wants.

The practical aircraft men are blue-printing machines for immediate post-war use which run up to 250 tons and will carry a full load 3,000-4,000 miles at 200-250 miles an hour at a cost of 6s. to 7s. per pound of payload. A London-New York passage should run around £140; a London-Glasgow ticket approximate the present first-class rail fare. Australia should be five days away, and New York anything from twenty-four to seventy-two hours on the normal round trip.

1.9.43

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